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A BALLAD OF ST. SWITHUN'S DAY.*

THREE little noses are flattened against the pane;
Three little rosy mouths are bemoaning the rain;

Saint Swithun is christening the apples with might and with main.

"O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children say,

"Surely you've christened the apples enough to-day."

"Rain, rain," say the children, "be off to Spain!

Never, never, we charge you, come back again!

We want to run in the garden, and down comes the rain!

O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children plead,

"We want our run in the garden, we do indeed.

"Dear Saint Swithun, our lessons have been so long;

Dreadful sums, Saint Swithun, that would come wrong!

We wanted to dance a little, or sing a song,
And now we are free, Saint Swithun, we're kept indoors,

For, because you are christening the apples, it pours and pours.

"Good Saint Swithun, our lessons are over and done;

Kind Saint Swithun, we're longing to take a run;

When you were young, Saint Swithun, you liked some fun.

O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children cry,

"Why should you christen the apples in mid July?

"Our leggings get cramped, Saint Swithun, indeed, if we stay

Out of the orchard and garden the livelong day;

It's all very well in winter to play house-play,
But, oh, in the summer, with birdies and blossoms and bees,

Who could in the house be contented, Saint Swithun, please?

"We don't mind the rain, not an atom. Away we should get

From the schoolroom, bare-headed, bare-footed, out into the wet,

If only they'd let us — but that they have never done yet;

And you might as well ask them to — cook us and eat us, you see,

For in some things grown-up folk and children can't ever agree."

* Hone mentions a saying current in some parts of the country when rain falls on St. Swithun's day: "St. Swithun is christening the apples."

Now hurrah for Saint Swithun! The rain is o'er;

Out comes the sun in his glory — they make for the door —

Six little feet a-patter, a joyous uproar;

"Hey! for Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children shout;

"Hats and boots — not a moment to lose till we're out."

Hark at the birds and the children! Oh, merry and sweet

Rings out the laugh of the children, and quick are their feet.

Hey! for the sunshine of summer, its light and its heat.

Where are ye now, little children? Oh, far away,

Though Saint Swithun is christening the apples again to-day.

Leisure Hour.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

O WISTFUL EYES!

O WISTFUL eyes! Where did you find your gleam?

In the soft radiance of the April skies?

In the rays wavering in the quiet stream

Where pure and white the water-lily lies?

'Mid wondering musings o'er the tangled scheme

Men make of life? or does the lustrous light,
That underlies their pensive beauty, shine

With the hushed glory of the first love dream,

That gives e'en hope deferred resistless might,
To make of earth a happy Paradise?

God keep the soul within them fresh and fine,
O wistful eyes!

All The Year Round.

IN SECRET PLACES.

UNGATHERED beauties of a bounteous earth,
Wild flowers which grow on mountain paths untrod,

White water-lilies looking up to God
From solitary tarns — and human worth

Doing meek duty that no glory gains,

Heroic souls, in secret places sown,

To live, to suffer, and to die unknown —

Are not that loveliness and all these pains

Wasted? Alas, then does it not suffice

That God is on the mountain, by the lake,

And in each simple duty, for whose sake

His children give their very blood as price?

The Father sees! If this does not repay,

What else? For plucked flowers fade, and

praises slay?

Good Words.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

From *The Fortnightly Review*.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

FOUR years have passed since a great stimulus to curiosity about the translator of "Omar Khayyám" was given by the double inscription, prologue and epilogue, *ave atque vale*, in which Lord Tennyson put forth his "Tiresias" to the world under the shadow of the name of Edward FitzGerald. The curtain was for a moment drawn from the personality of one of the most recluse and sequestered of modern men of letters, and we saw, with the eyes of the poet laureate, one of the earliest and one of the most interesting of his associates:—

Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
Glance at the wheeling orb of change,
And greet it with a kindly smile;
Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand, and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who feed on milk and meal and grass.

This dedication, as we now learn, had been written a week before FitzGerald's death, in June, 1883, when the intimacy of the two poets had lasted for nearly fifty years. Other friends, scarcely less dear or less admired, had already preceded FitzGerald to the grave. Thackeray, a little before the end, in reply to his daughter's inquiry which of his old friends he had loved most, had answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure." Carlyle growled at the comparative rarity of "your friendly human letters," and a few more—James Spedding, Thompson of Trinity, Crabbe, Bernard Barton, had tempted his woodland spirit from its haunts. But few indeed among the living can boast of having enjoyed even a slight personal acquaintance with Edward FitzGerald, and almost his only intimate friend now left is the editor of the "Letters and Literary Remains" (Macmillan & Co.: 3 vols.), which are just appearing, and which must reveal even to those who have placed FitzGerald's genius highest and studied him most

carefully an unsuspected individuality of great force and charm. The learned and accomplished vice-master of Trinity has fulfilled his task in a manner almost too modest. He leaves FitzGerald to speak to us without a commentary from the pages of his matchless translations and from the leaves of his scarcely less delightful letters.

Edward Purcell was born in a Jacobean mansion near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, on the 31st of March, 1809. His father had married a Miss FitzGerald, and on the death of her father in 1818, he assumed the name and arms of FitzGerald. The poet's early childhood was spent in France, but at the age of thirteen he went to a school at Bury St. Edmunds, where the Speddings, W. B. Donne, and J. M. Kemble were among his schoolfellows. In 1826 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1828 he formed the friendship of two freshmen, slightly younger than himself, who were to be his intimates for life, W. M. Thackeray and W. H. Thompson, lately master of Trinity. He saw Lord Tennyson about this time, although he did not make his acquaintance until they left college; but half a century later he retained a clear recollection of the appearance of the poet laureate as an undergraduate: "I remember him well, a sort of Hyperion." It is consistent with all that we learn of the shy fidelity of FitzGerald that almost all the friendships of his life were formed before he was one-and-twenty. As early as 1830 he warns Thackeray not to invite him to meet anybody; "I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles;" and while the rest of the companionship, each in his own way, turned to conquer the world, FitzGerald remained obstinately and successfully obscure. In 1831 he was nearly caught, for a very delicate and fantastic lyric, published anonymously in the *Athenæum*, attracted remark and was generally attributed to Charles Lamb. FitzGerald took a farmhouse on the battle-field of Naseby, and paid no heed to the outstretched hands of the Sirens. He was in easy circumstances and adopted no profession. The seat of his family, and his own main residence until 1835, was Whin-

stead Lodge, a house beautifully placed on the west bank of the Orwell, about two miles from Ipswich. Thence they removed to a less attractive mansion, Boulge, near Woodbridge, in the same county, close to the place of his birth, and there Fitzgerald resided until his death. His life was extremely simple, devoted to country cares, and with no duties much more severe than were involved in the fit pruning of roses, and in the politics of the circumjacent hamlet. Nor, at first, did he give promise of being more than an admirer, a contemplator, even in the fairy world of literature. We get charming glimpses of his sympathetic nature in some of the early letters. On the 7th of December, 1832, he says:—

The news of this week is that Thackeray has come but is going to leave again for Devonshire directly. He came very opportunely to divert my Blue Devils: notwithstanding, we do not see very much of each other: and he has now so many friends (especially the Bulls) that he has no such wish for my society. He is as full of good humor and kindness as ever. The next news is that a new volume of Tennyson is out, containing nothing more than you have in MS. except one or two things not worth having. . . .

I have been poring over Wordsworth lately, which has had much effect in bettering my Blue Devils: for his philosophy does not abjure melancholy, but puts a pleasant countenance upon it, and connects it with humanity. It is very well, if the sensibility that makes us fearful of ourselves is diverted to become a cause of sympathy and interest with nature and mankind: and this I think Wordsworth tends to do. I think I told you of Shakespeare's sonnets before: I cannot tell you what sweetness I find in them.

So by Shakespeare's sonnets roasted, and Wordsworth's poems basted,

My heart will be well toasted, and excellently tasted.

This beautiful couplet must delight you, I think.

In June, 1834, Thackeray was illustrating "my Undine" (possibly a translation of Fouqué's romance) "in about fourteen little colored drawings, very nicely." What has become of this treasure? In May, 1835, some of the friends were together in the Lakes, and we got, incidentally, a pleasant glimpse of the most illustrious of them:—

Alfred Tennyson stayed with me at Ambleside. Spedding was forced to go home, till the last two days of my stay here. I will say no more of Tennyson than that the more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humors and grumpinesses were so droll, that I was always laughing: and was often put in mind (strange to say) of my little unknown friend, Undine. I must however say, further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own: this (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects: but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind; and perhaps I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness.

His time, when the roses were not being pruned, and when he was not making discreet journeys in uneventful directions, was divided between music, which greatly occupied his younger thought, and literature, which slowly, but more and more exclusively, engaged his attention. His loneliness, and the high standard by which in his remote seclusion he measured all contemporary publications, gives an interest to his expressions with regard to new books, an interest which centres around himself more, perhaps, than around the work criticised. For instance, he says, in April, 1838, to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, who was his neighbor at Woodbridge, and who eventually became his father-in-law:—

I am very heavy indeed with a kind of influenza, which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains. This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's "French Revolution"—written in a German style. An Englishman writes of French Revolutions in a German style! People say the book is very deep; but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose, nor equable movement in it: all cut up into short sentences half reflective, half narrative; so that one labors through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary-going waves caused by shallows, and straits, and meeting tides, etc. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like

that of Bacon or the Opium-Eater. There is also pleasant fresh-water sailing with such writers as Addison. Is there any *pond*-sailing in literature? that is, drowsy, slow, and of small compass? Perhaps we may say, some Sermons. But this is only conjecture. Certainly Jeremy Taylor rolls along as majestically as any of them. We have had Alfred Tennyson here, very droll and very wayward, and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning, with pipes in our mouths: at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking, and so to bed.

Few poets have been able to prepare for their life's work by so long and so dreamy a novitiate. In 1839 FitzGerald gives Bernard Barton a more than commonly full account of his daily life. He goes with a fellow-fisherman, "my piscator," two miles off to fish, and has tea in a pothouse, and so walks home. "For all which idle ease," he says, "I think I must be damned." Or else upon glorious sunshiny days he lies at full length in his garden reading Tacitus, with the nightingale singing and some red anemones flaunting themselves in the sun. "A funny mixture all this; Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then, at half past one, lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then, coming in, I sit down to write to you." No wonder that Carlyle, groaning in London under the weight of his work and his indigestion, would gird playfully at the "peaceable man" at Woodbridge, with his "innocent *far uiente* life." FitzGerald, on his part, was by no means blind to the seamy side of the loud Carlylean existence, but wished it were calmer, and retired to his Horace Walpole and his "Tale of a Tub" with fresh gusto after being tossed, as he called it, on Carlyle's "canvas waves." After an unusual burst of Chelsea eloquence, FitzGerald proposes a retreat; "We will all sit under the calm shadow of Spedding's forehead." Carlyle, meanwhile, after growing better acquainted with FitzGerald, to whom Thackeray had first presented him, became even more attached to him, and, visiting him, they scraped for

human bones together in the Naseby battlefield. Here is a scrap from a letter of Carlyle to FitzGerald, dated October 16, 1844:—

One day we had Alfred Tennyson here; an unforgettable day. He stayed with us till late; forgot his stick: we dismissed him with "Macpherson's Farewell." Macpherson (see Burns) was a Highland robber; he played that Tune, of his own composition, on his way to the gallows; asked, "If in all that crowd the Macpherson had any clansman?" holding up the fiddle that he might bequeath it to some one. "Any kinsman, any soul that wished him well?" Nothing answered, nothing durst answer. He crushed the fiddle under his foot, and sprang off. The Tune is rough as hemp, but strong as a lion. I never hear it without something of emotion—poor Macpherson; though the artist hates to play it. Alfred's dark face grew darker, and I saw his lip slightly quivering.

The life that slipped away at Woodbridge in a reverie so graceful and so roseate was not undisturbed from time to time by voices from the outer world calling it to action; but through a long series of years the appeal was resolutely put by. When almost all his friends were writers it could not be but that FitzGerald was conscious of a tendency to write, and there are signs in his correspondence of an occasional yielding to the tendency. But in all these early years he was never harassed by what he describes as "the strong inward call, the cruel-sweet pangs of parturition," which he observed, with the curiosity of a physician, in the spirits of Tennyson and Thackeray. He knew very well that he had the power, if he chose, to pour out volume after volume, like others of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease; but his belief was that "unless a man can do better he had best not do at all." It is in 1847 that we find him, as a lucky discovery of Mr. Aldis Wright's informs us, plunging for the first time, though with the cryptic anonymity which he would continue to observe, into print. When Singer published his edition of Selden's "Table Talk" in that year, the illustrative matter was contributed by a gentleman whom the editor was not permitted to name. Mr. Aldis Wright has found the originals of these notes in Fitz-

Gerald's handwriting. Two years later he set his initials at the foot of a desultory memoir of Bernard Barton, prefixed to the subscription edition of the collected poems of that mild and ineffectual bard, who had died in the preceding February. It is remarkable, however, that FitzGerald's first serious enterprise in authorship was undertaken so late as in his forty-third year—at an age, that is to say, when most men who are to be famous in letters have already given copious evidence of their powers.

FitzGerald's first book, "Euphranor," was published by Pickering in 1851, a modest little volume not passing much beyond the limits of a pamphlet. It seems to have been the child of memories of Cambridge impregnated by the Socratic talk of Spedding, who had lately been visiting FitzGerald. It is a Platonic dialogue, easily cast—somewhat in the manner, one may say, of Berkeley's "Alciphron"—in a framework of landscape, Cambridge courts and halls, the river, the locks, the deep breeze blowing through the mays and the laburnums. The characters discuss the "Godefridus" of Sir Kenelm Digby, and how the principles of chivalry can be wholesomely maintained in modern life. Slight, perhaps, and notably unambitious, "Euphranor" could scarcely have been written by any one but FitzGerald—unless, possibly, in certain moods, by Landor—and it remains the most complete and sustained of his prose works. He had scarcely published it, and, as shyly as Sabrina herself, had peeped from "the rushy-fringed bank" of Deben to see how the world received it, before he found himself engaged on another little anonymous volume. The tiny green* 1852 quarto of "Polonius" lies before me at this moment, a presentation copy to the author's sister, "Andalusia De Soyres, from her Affecte. E. F. G." It is a collection of wise saws and modern instances, some of them his own, most of them borrowed from Bacon, Selden, Kenelm Digby, and, of the living, Carlyle and Newman, the whole graced by a charming and most characteristic preface by FitzGerald himself. And now he began with zeal to undertake the proper labor of his lifetime—he became a translator of poetry.

Six or seven years before this time, FitzGerald was corresponding on familiar terms with a younger friend, who survives him, and who appears to have been, to a

very singular degree, and in the full Shakespearean sense, the "only begetter" of these ensuing translations. This was Mr. E. B. Cowell, now professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge. As early as 1846 Mr. Cowell had introduced FitzGerald to Hafiz; in 1852 we find that the latter has "begun again to read Calderon with Cowell;" and from a letter written long afterwards to the late Sir Frederick Pollock, we learn that their first study of Calderon dated from at least 1850. FitzGerald cared for but little in Spanish literature. He tried some of the other dramatists—Tirso de Molina, Lope de Vega, Moratin, but he could take but scant interest in these. His admiration of Calderon, on the other hand, was inexhaustible, and he began to work assiduously at the task of translating him, taking all Shelley's pleasure in the "starry autos." The volume called "Six Dramas of Calderon, freely translated by Edward FitzGerald," was published by Pickering in 1853, and is the only one of all FitzGerald's publications which bears his name upon it. The six plays are: "The Painter of his Own Dishonor," "Keep your Own Secret," "Gil Perez the Gallician," "Three Judgments at a Blow," "The Mayor of Zalaca," and "Beware of Smooth Water." The book is now of extreme scarcity, the translator having withdrawn it from circulation in one of his singular fits of caprice, partly, I believe, on account of the severity with which its freedom as a paraphrase was attacked. I am bound to say, however, that I find no traces of irritation on this subject in his letters of 1853, which refer to various reviews in a very moderate and sensible spirit.

The "Calderon" had scarcely passed through the printer's hands when FitzGerald took up the study of Persian, still in company with and under the direction of Mr. Cowell. In 1854, when he was visiting that friend at Oxford, he began to try his hand on a verse translation of the "Salámán and Absál" of Jámí, "whose ingenious prattle I am stilted into too Miltonic verse." This version seems to have been ready for the press in 1856, but it did not appear until more than twenty years had elapsed. Meanwhile Mr. Cowell was appointed professor of history at a Calcutta college, and one main stimulus to steady production was removed out of FitzGerald's life. Yet, by good fortune for us, Mr. Cowell's absence from England induced FitzGerald to write to him more fully about his work than he would have

* The grass-green cover of the original edition reminds us that "la verdad es siempre verde."

done if the friends could have met. And here, on the 20th of March, 1857, we are allowed to be present at the first conception of what was afterwards to become the famous and admired "Omar Khayyám:"

To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them. I don't speak of Jelaëddin, whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best musician of words. Old Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language: for people must go to the original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Hafiz is the most Eastern — or, he should have said, most *Persian* — of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Saki and wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their roses and nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal. The philosophy of the latter is, alas! one that never fails in the world.

He was soon keenly engaged on his task; had in April opened up a correspondence with Garcin de Tassy about texts of Omar in the Paris libraries. This was the busiest year of FitzGerald's literary life. In May he was already beginning to warn his friend of another possible "sudden volume of translations," the desire to conquer a province of Æschylus in his peculiar way having seized him. The only result, however, was the preparation — but at what date I do not seem able to discover — of that extraordinary translation of the "Agamemnon," eventually printed without name of author, title-page, or imprint, in a hideous cover of grocer's azure, which is one of the rarest of FitzGerald's issues. In January, 1858, he began the dismal business of trying, and at first vainly trying, to find a publisher bold enough to embark on the perilous enterprise of printing the little pamphlet of immortal music called "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." On the subject of this publication much has been loosely said and conjecturally reported of late years. We may, therefore, be glad to read FitzGerald's own account, in a letter to the late master of Trinity:—

As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which

never pretend to be original, this is the story of "Rubáiyát." I had translated them partly for Cowell: young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using: and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man: nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other day, to whom I was showing a passage in another book which brought my old Omar up.

Late in 1859 the Rubáiyát appeared, in the casual way above indicated, and fell absolutely flat upon the market. There is no evidence in FitzGerald's correspondence that it attracted the smallest attention, and, except for a letter from Mr. Ruskin, which circled the globe for ten years (this sounds incredibly characteristic, but seems to be true) before it reached its address, the first publication of his magnificent poem appears to have brought FitzGerald no breath of recognition from the world outside the circle of his friends. The copies in Mr. Quaritch's shop seem to have found no buyers, and to have gravitated rather surprisingly soon to the fourpenny boxes outside the booksellers' stalls. Here Dante Gabriel Rossetti, so legend relates, discovered the hid treasure in 1861, and proclaimed it among his friends, Mr. Swinburne being forward in the generous race to make the poem appreciated at its proper value. It marks a rise in the barometer of popularity that Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) is anxiously inquiring for a copy or two in May, 1861. Yet it was not until 1868 that a second edition, now scarcely less rare and no whit less interesting to the collector, was called for. Since that time, much revised by its far too careful author, "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" has been reprinted in all manner of shapes, both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. To pursue the record of his literary life, FitzGerald translated two more plays of Calderon, the "Magico Prodigioso," at which Shelley had tried his hand, and the "Vida es Sueño," which Trench had attempted. These he never published, but in 1865 he printed them, without title-page, and sent the strange little volume, in a paper cover, to a few of his friends. With the exception of the two "Œdipus" dramas, circulated in the same quaint, shy way, in 1880, these were the last of FitzGerald's poetical translations.

He had grown more and more interested in the waterway leading from the pastoral meadows of Woodbridge to the sea, the salt road between the trees called Bewdsey Haven, which brings you, if you go far enough down it, to the German Ocean at last. His favorite companions became fishermen and the captains of boats, and in 1867 an old wish was realized at length, when FitzGerald became part owner of a herring-lugger — the *Scandal* as he called her, because that was "the main staple of Woodbridge," — and possessed a captain of his own. "Nothing but ship," he says, "from June to November, through all those months not having lain, I believe, for three consecutive nights in Christian sheets," but mostly knocking about somewhere outside of Lowestoft. The theory was that the lugger should pay her way, but FitzGerald and his captain, "a grand, tender soul, lodged in a suitable carcass," did not make the profit that they hoped for, and after four years of considerable anxiety, FitzGerald parted from his boat and from her master. The latter was a humble friend in whom, physically and spiritually, there must have been something splendidly attractive, and regarding whom FitzGerald uses phraseology otherwise reserved for Tennyson and Thackeray. The poet still kept a boat upon the Deben, but went out no more upon the deep after herrings and mackerel, in company with his auburn-haired and blue-eyed giant from Lowestoft, "altogether," he says, "the greatest man I have known."

And so, almost imperceptibly, as the reader moves down the series of these delightful letters, he finds that the writer, in his delicate epicureanism is, without repining at it, growing old. A selection from his early favorite poet, a Suffolk man like himself, George Crabbe, is his last literary enterprise, and so on the 14th of June, 1883, in his seventy-fifth year, he rather suddenly passes away painlessly in his sleep. His own words shall be his epitaph: "An idle fellow, but one whose friendships were more like loves."

To review Mr. Aldis Wright's three volumes is no part of my business here. Every one who loves the finer parts of letters must feast upon them for himself, and will have met of late with no better intellectual food. But before closing I must say a few words about the general character of FitzGerald's imaginative writings, now for the first time placed before the public in a form which is reasonably accessible. The strange issues of Calderon,

of Æschylus, of Jámí, of Sophocles, with which it was FitzGerald's pleasure to confound bibliographers, are now great rarities; not one of all his printed works, except the "*Omar Khayyám*," has hitherto been easy to obtain. We may generally say in looking over all these versions, that FitzGerald more than any other recent translator of poetry, carried out that admirable rule of Sir John Denham's, that the translator's business is not "alone to translate language into language, but poesie into poesie; and poesie is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, if a new spirit be not added in the translation." FitzGerald's versions are so free, he is so little bound by the details of his original, he is so indifferent to the timid pedantry of the ordinary writer who empties verse out of the cup of one language into that of another, that we may attempt with him what would be a futile task with almost every other English translator — we may estimate from his versions alone what manner of poet he was.

In attempting to form such an estimate we are bound to recognize that his best-known work is also his best. The "*Omar Khayyám*" of FitzGerald takes its place in the third period of Victorian poetry, as an original force wholly in sympathy with other forces, of which its author took no personal cognizance. Whether it accurately represents or no the sentiments of a Persian astronomer of the eleventh century is a question which fades into insignificance beside the fact that it stimulated and delighted a generation of young readers, to whom it appealed in the same manner, and along parallel lines with, the poetry of Morris, Swinburne, and the Rossettis. After the lapse of thirty years we are able to perceive that in the series of poetical publications of capital importance which marked the close of the fifties it takes its natural place. In 1858 appeared "*The Defence of Guinevere*;" in 1859, "*The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*;" in 1860, "*The Queen-Mother and Rosamond*;" in 1862, "*Goblin Market*;" while although the "*Poems*" of D. G. Rossetti did not finally see the light till 1870, his presence, his spiritual influence, had animated the group. That FitzGerald was ignorant of, or wholly indifferent to the existence of these his compères did not affect his relationship to them, nor their natural and instinctive recognition of his imaginative kinship to themselves. The same reassertion of the sensuous elements

of literature, the same obedience to the call for a richer music and a more exotic and impassioned aspect of manners, the same determination to face the melancholy problems of life and find a solace for them in art, were to be found in the anonymous pamphlet of Oriental reverie as in the romances, dramas, songs, and sonnets of the four younger friends.

So much more interesting to us, if we will look sensibly at the matter, is FitzGerald than the Omar Khayyám whose mantle he chose to masquerade in that we are not vexed but delighted to learn from Mr. Aldis Wright that the opening stanza, which ran thus in the edition of 1859 —

Awake! for morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to
flight;

And lo! the hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light,

is wholly his own, and represents nothing in the original. It was judged by his earliest critics to be too close a following of the fantastic allusiveness of the Persian, and the poet — surely with his tongue set in his cheek — modified his own invention to the smoother but less spirited: —

Wake! for the sun behind your Eastern height
Has chased the session of the stars from night;

And, to the field of heav'n ascending, strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.

It is well to remind ourselves of these two versions, of which each is good, though the first be best, because FitzGerald was sufficiently ill-advised to exchange for both a much tamer version, which now holds its place in the text. These alterations, however, are very significant to the critic, and exhibit the extreme care with which FitzGerald revised and re-revised his work.

To judge, however, of his manner as a translator, or rather as a paraphraser, we must examine not merely the most famous and remarkable of his writings, but his treatment of Spanish and Greek drama, and of the narrative of Jámí. It appears that he took Dryden's license, and carried it further; that he steeped himself in the language and feeling of his author, and then threw over his version the robe of his own peculiar style. Every great translator does this to some extent, and we do not recognize in Chapman's breathless measure the staid and polished Homer that marches down the couplets of Pope. But then, both Pope and Chapman had, in the course of abundant original composition, made themselves each the possessor

of a style which he threw without difficulty around the shoulders of his paraphrase. In the unique case of FitzGerald — since Fairfax can scarcely be considered in the same category — a poet of no marked individuality in his purely independent verse created for himself, in the act of approaching masterpieces of widely different race and age, a poetical style so completely his own that we recognize it at sight as his. The normal instances of this manner are familiar to us in "Omar Khayyám." They are characterized by a melody which has neither the variety of Tennyson nor the vehemence of Swinburne, neither the motion of a river nor of the sea, but which rather reminds us, in its fulness and serenity, of the placid motion of the surface of a lake, or of his own grassy estuary of the Deben; and finally by a voluptuous and novel use of the commonplaces of poetry — the rose, the vine, the nightingale, the moon. There are examples of this typical manner of FitzGerald to be found in "Omar Khayyám," which are unsurpassed for their pure qualities as poetry, and which must remain always characteristic of what was best in a certain class of Victorian verse. Such are:

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should
close!

The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who
knows!

and (a gem spoiled in recutting, after the first edition, by the capricious jeweller):

Thus with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse, — and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness —
And wilderness is paradise enow.

Nothing quite so good, perhaps, as these and many more which might be quoted from the "Omar Khayyám," is to be found in the other translations, yet wherever the latter are happiest they betray the same hand and murmur the same accents.* It is in "The Mighty Magician" that we meet with such characteristic stanzas as this:

Who that in his hour of glory
Walks the kingdom of the rose,
And misapprehends the story
Which through all the garden blows;
Which the southern air who brings
It touches, and the leafy strings

* Let not the ingenuous reader strive, however, to trace the style of FitzGerald in the Gray-like choruses of "Œdipus," for these appear to be textually copied from the old eighteenth-century version of Robert Potter (1788). I can discover no explanation of this odd freak, which looks like a snare set for the feet of unwary critics.

Lightly to the touch respond;
And nightingale to nightingale
Answering on bough beyond —
Nightingale to nightingale
Answering on bough beyond.

While the following passage, perhaps the richest and most memorable in FitzGerald's minor writings, is found in the "Salámán and Absál": —

When they had sail'd their vessel for a moon,
And marr'd their beauty with the wind o' the sea,

Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
An isle, beyond imagination fair;
An isle that was all garden; not a flower,
Nor bird of plumage like the flower, but there;

Some like the flower, and others like the leaf;
Some, as the pheasant and the dove, adorn'd
With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
The jewell'd peacock like a sultan shone;
While the musicians, and among them chief
The nightingale, sang hidden in the trees,
Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,
Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
And sun and shadow chequer-chased the green,
This Iram-garden seem'd in secrecy
Blowing the rosebud of its revelation;
Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

In reading these sumptuous verses the reader may be inclined to wonder why "Salámán and Absál" is not as widely known and as universally admired as the "Omar Khayyám." If it were constantly sustained at anything like this level it would be so admired and known, but it is, unfortunately, both crabbed and unequal.

It was in 1854, as FitzGerald reminds Professor Cowell in a very interesting letter, that these friends began to read "Jámí" together. We have seen that it was not until 1856 and after the completion of the "Salámán and Absál" that the same friend placed "Omar" in FitzGerald's hands. The paraphrase of "Jámí," therefore, is the earlier of the two, and represents the style of the English poet at a stage when it was still unfinished and, I think, imperfectly refined. The narrative of "Jámí" is diffuse, and, as FitzGerald soon found, "not line by line precious;" he was puzzled how to retain its character and yet not permit it to be tedious, and he has not wholly succeeded in clearing his poem from the second horn of the dilemma. Unfortunately it was not printed when it was ready for publication, in 1856, but was kept by FitzGerald in his desk until, years afterwards, it was presented to a

body of amateurs familiar with the much more mellifluous and dainty "Rubáiyát." It will, however, now that its history is revealed, be read with increased attention. It consists, in FitzGerald's version, of a mystical preliminary invocation, in which the problem of responsibility and free-will, in the form which interested the English poet so much, is boldly stated, and the double question put —

If I — this spirit that inspires me whence?

If thou — then what this sensual impotence?

and of the story, told in three parts, with a moral or transcendental summing up at the close. The metrical form chosen for the main narrative is blank verse, with occasional lapses into rhyme. These, in all probability, respond to some peculiarity in the Persian original, but they are foreign to the genius of English prosody, and they produce an effect of poverty upon the ear, which is alternately tempted and disappointed. There are, moreover, incessant interludes or episodic interpolations, which are treated in an ambling measure of four beats, something like the metre of "Hiawatha," but again with occasional and annoying introductions of rhyme. It is obvious, at the outset, that we do not see FitzGerald here exercising that perfect instinct for form which he afterwards developed; he was trammelled, no doubt, by his desire to repeat the effects he discovered in the Persian, and had not yet asserted his own genius in what Dryden called metaphrase. Nevertheless, "Salámán and Absál" contains passages of great beauty, such as that in which the poet, in wayward dejection, confesses that his worn harp is no longer modulated, and that —

Methinks

'Twere time to break and cast it in the fire:

The vain old harp, that, breathing from its strings

No music more to charm the ears of man,
May, from its scented ashes, as it burns,
Breathe resignation to the harper's soul.

And the description of Absál, the lovely infant nurse of the new-born Salámán —

So beautiful, as from the silver line,
Dividing the musk-harvest of her hair,
Down to her foot that trampled crowns of kings,
A moon of beauty.

Very curious and charming, too, are the descriptions of Salámán's victory over the princes at polo, and his headlong ride to the shore of the abyss that was haunted by the starry dragon, and whose island

crag cut its surface "as silver scissors slice a blue brocade."

A third Persian poem, the "Bird-Parliament" of Farid-Uddin Attar, written immediately after the publication of "Omar Khayyám" in 1859, is now printed by Mr. Aldis Wright for the first time, and forms a very important addition to FitzGerald's works. It is a long, mystical piece of Oriental transcendentalism, the best part of which is the opening pages, in which the various birds are introduced, spreading their jewelled plumage one by one before the tajidar, the royal lapwing, who is their shah or sultan. When the poem becomes purely philosophical, it seems to me to become less attractive, perhaps sometimes a little tedious; yet the versification is always charming, the heroic couplet treated as smoothly and correctly as by Congreve or Addison, but with far greater richness.

Of FitzGerald as a prose-writer there has hitherto been little known. His correspondence now reveals him, unless I am much mistaken, as one of the most pungent, individual, and picturesque of English letter-writers. Rarely do we discover a temperament so mobile under a surface so serene and sedentary; rarely so feminine a sensibility side by side with so virile an intelligence. He is moved by every breath of nature; every change of hue in earth or air affects him; and all these are reflected, as in a camera obscura, in the richly colored moving mirror of his letters. It will not surprise one reader of this correspondence if the name of its author should grow to be set, in common parlance, beside those of Gray and Cowper for the fidelity and humanity of his addresses to his private friends. Meanwhile, we ought, perhaps, to have remembered what beautiful pages there were in "Euphranor," and in particular to have recalled that passage about the university boat-races which Lord Tennyson, no easy critic to satisfy, has pronounced to be one of the most beautiful fragments of English prose extant. Not many copies of "Euphranor" exist, and I may quote this passage with the certainty that it is new to all or nearly all of my readers:

Townsmen and gownsmen, with the tassell'd Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there—reading men and sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective crews—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose

farther bend was a little knot of ladies gathered up on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming!" suspended other conversation among ourselves; and suddenly the head of the first boat turned the corner; and then another close upon it; and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm; and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, "Bravo, St. John's!" "Go it, Trinity!"—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back towards the goal; where we arrived just in time to see the ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere) and walked home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen with all their confused voices seemed as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus.

Who is rashly to decide what place may not finally be awarded to a man capable of such admirable feats in English prose and verse? There can be little doubt that when much contemporary clamor has died out forever, the clear note of the nightingale of Woodbridge will still be heard from the alleys of his Persian garden.

EDMUND GOSSE.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER VIII.

"SIR Charles?"

"Miss Deyncourt!"

"I fear," with a glance at the yellow back in his hand, "I am interrupting a studious hour, but —"

"Not in the least, I assure you," said Charles, shutting his novel. "What is regarded as study by the feminine intellect, is to the masculine merely relaxation. I was 'unbending over a book,' that was all."

The process of "unbending" was being

performed in the summer-house, whither he had retired after Evelyn and Ralph had started on their afternoon's ride to Vandon, in which he had refused to join.

"I thought I should find you here," continued Ruth frankly. "I have been wishing to speak to you for several days, but you are as a rule so surrounded and encompassed on every side by Molly, that I have not had an opportunity."

It had occurred to Charles once or twice during the last few days that Molly was occasionally rather in the way. Now he was sure of it. As Ruth appeared to hesitate, he pulled forward a rustic contorted chair for her.

"No, thanks," she said. "I shall not long interrupt the unbending process. I only came to ask —"

"To ask?" repeated Charles, who had got up as she was standing, and came and stood near her.

"You remember the first evening you were here?"

"I do."

"And what we spoke of at dinner?"

"Perfectly."

"I came to ask you how much you lent Raymond?" Ruth's clear, earnest eyes were fixed full upon him.

At this moment Charles perceived Lady Mary at a little distance, propelling herself gently over the grass in the direction of the summer-house. In another second she had perceived Charles and Ruth, and had turned precipitately, and hobbled away round the corner with surprising agility.

"Confound her!" inwardly ejaculated Charles.

"I wish to know how much you lent him?" said Ruth again, as he did not answer, happily unconscious of what had been going on behind her back.

"Only what I was well able to afford."

"And has he paid it back since?"

"I am sure he understood I should not expect him to pay it back at once."

"But he has had it three years."

Charles did not answer.

"I feel sure he is not able to pay it. Will you kindly tell me how much it was?"

"No, Miss Deyncourt; I think not."

"Why not?"

"Because—excuse me, but I perceive that if I do you will instantly wish to pay it."

"I do wish to pay it."

"I thought so."

There was a short silence.

"I still wish it," said Ruth at last.

Charles was silent. Her pertinacity annoyed and yet piqued him. Being unmarried, he was not accustomed to opposition from a woman. He had no intention of allowing her to pay her brother's debt, and he wished she would drop the subject gracefully, now that he had made that fact evident.

"Perhaps you don't know," continued Ruth, "that I am very well off." (As if he did not know it! As if Lady Mary had not casually mentioned Ruth's fortune several times in his hearing!) "Lady Deyncourt left me twelve hundred a year, and I have a little of my own besides. You may not be aware that I have fourteen hundred and sixty-two pounds per annum."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"That is a large sum, you will observe."

"It is riches," assented Charles, "if your expenditure happens to be less."

"It does happen to be considerably less in my case."

"You are to be congratulated. And yet I have always understood that society exacts great sacrifices from women in the sums they feel obliged to devote to dress."

"Dress is an interesting subject, and I should be delighted to hear your views on it another time; but we are talking of something else just at this moment."

"I beg your pardon," said Charles quickly, who did not quite like being brought back to the case in point. "I—the truth was, I wished to turn your mind from what we were speaking of. I don't want you to count sovereigns into my hand. I really should dislike it very much."

"You intend me to think from that remark that it was a small sum," said Ruth, with unexpected shrewdness. "I now feel sure it was a large one. It ought to be paid, and there is no one to do it but me. I know that what is firmness in a man is obstinacy in a woman, so do not on your side be too firm, or, who knows? you may arouse some of that obstinacy in me to which I should like to think myself superior."

"If," said Charles, with sudden eagerness, as if an idea had just struck him, "if I let you pay me this debt, will you on your side allow me to make a condition?"

"I should like to know the condition first."

"Of course. If I agree"—Charles's light-grey eyes had become keen and intent—"if I agree to receive payment of what I lent Deyncourt three years ago,

will you promise not to pay any other debt of his, or ever to lend him money without the knowledge and approval of your relations?"

Ruth considered for a few minutes.

"I have so few relations," she said at length, with rather a sad smile, "and they are all prejudiced against poor Raymond. I think I am the only friend he has left in the world. I am afraid I could not promise that."

"Well," said Charles eagerly, "I won't insist on relations. I know enough of those thorns in the flesh myself. I will say instead 'natural advisers.' Come, Miss Deyncourt, you can't accuse me of firmness now!"

"My natural advisers," repeated Ruth slowly. "I feel as if I ought to have natural advisers somewhere; but who are they? Where are they? I could not ask my sister or her husband for advice. I mean, I could not take it, if I did. I should think I knew better myself. Uncle John? Evelyn? Lord Polesworth? Sir Charles, I am afraid the truth is I have never asked for advice in my life. I have always tried to do what seemed best, without troubling to know what other people thought about it. But as I am anxious to yield gracefully, will you substitute the word 'friends' for 'natural advisers'? I hope and think I have friends whom I could trust."

"Friends, then, let it be," said Charles. "Now," holding out his hand, "do you promise never, et cetera, et cetera, without first consulting your *friends*?"

Ruth put her hand into his.

"I do."

"That is right. How amiable we are both becoming! I suppose I must now inform you that two hundred pounds is the exact sum I lent your brother?"

Ruth went back to the house, and in a few minutes returned with a cheque in her hand. She held it towards Charles, who took it, and put it in his pocket-book.

"Thank you," she said, with gratitude in her eyes and voice.

"We have had a pitched battle," said Charles, relapsing into his old indifferent manner. "Neither of us has been actually defeated, for we never called out our reserves, which I felt would have been hardly fair on you; but we do not come forth with flying colors. I fear, from your air of elation, you actually believe you have been victorious."

"I agree with you that there has been no defeat," replied Ruth; "but I won't

keep you any longer from your studies. I am just going out driving with Lady Mary to have tea with the Thursbys."

"Miss Deyncourt, don't allow a natural and most pardonable vanity to delude you to such an extent. Don't go out driving the victim of a false impression. If you will consider one moment——"

"Not another moment," replied Ruth; "our bugles have sung truce, and I am not going to put on my war-paint again for any consideration. There comes the carriage," as a distant rumbling was heard. "I must not keep Lady Mary waiting;" and she was gone.

Charles heard the carriage roll away again, and when half an hour later he sauntered back towards the house, he was surprised to see Lady Mary sitting in the drawing-room window.

"What! Not gone after all!" he exclaimed, in a voice in which surprise was more predominant than pleasure.

"No, Charles," returned Lady Mary in her measured tones, looking slowly up at him over her gold-rimmed spectacles. "I felt a slight return of my old enemy, and Miss Deyncourt kindly undertook to make my excuses to Mrs. Thursby."

No one knew what the old enemy was, or in what manner his mysterious assaults on Lady Mary were conducted; but it was an understood thing that she had private dealings with him, in which he could make himself very disagreeable.

"Has Molly gone with her?"

"No; Molly is making jam in the kitchen, I believe. Miss Deyncourt most good-naturedly offered to take her with her; but" (with a shake of the head) "the poor child's totally unrestrained appetites and lamentable self-will made her prefer to remain where she was."

"I am afraid," said Charles meditatively, as if the idea were entirely a novel one; "Molly is getting a little spoiled amongst us. It is natural in you, of course; but there is no excuse for me. There never is. There are, I confess, moments when I don't regard the child's immortal welfare sufficiently to make her present existence less enjoyable. What a round of gaiety Molly's life is! She flits from flower to flower, so to speak; from me to cook and the jam-pots; from the jam-pots to some fresh delight in the loft or in your society. Life is one long feast to Molly. Whatever that old impostor the Future may have in store for her, at any rate she is having a good time now."

There was a shade of regretful sadness in Charles's voice that ruffled his aunt.

"The child is being ruined," she said with resigned bitterness.

"Not a bit of it. I was spoiled as a child, and look at me!"

"You *are* spoilt. I don't spoil you; but other people do. Society does. And the result is that you are so hard to please that I don't believe you will ever marry. You look for a perfection in others which is not to be found in yourself."

"I don't fancy I should appear to advantage side by side with perfection," said Charles in his most careless manner; and he rose and wandered away into the garden.

He was irritated with Lady Mary, with her pleased looks during the last few days, with her annoying celerity that afternoon in the garden. It was all the more annoying because he was conscious that Ruth amused and interested him in no slight degree. She had the rare quality of being genuine. She stood for what she was without effort or self-consciousness. Whether playful or serious, she was always real. Beneath a reserved and rather quiet manner there lurked a piquant unconventionality. The mixture of earnestness and humor, which were so closely interwoven in her nature that he could never tell which would come uppermost, had a strange attraction for him. He had grown accustomed to watch for and try to provoke the sudden gleam of fun in the serious eyes, which always preceded a retort given with an air of the sweetest feminine meekness, which would make Ralph rub himself all over with glee, and tell Charles, chuckling, he "would not get much change out of Ruth."

If only she had not been asked to Atherstone on purpose to meet him! If only Lady Mary had not arranged it; if only Evelyn did not know it; if only Ralph had not guessed it; if only he himself had not seen it from the first instance! Ruth and Molly were the only two unconscious persons in the house.

"I wonder," said Charles to himself, "why people can't allow me to manage my own affairs? Oh, what a world it is for unmarried men with money! Why did I not marry fifteen years ago, when every woman with a straight nose was an angel of light; when I felt a noble disregard for such minor details as character, mind, sympathy, if the hair and the eyes were the right shade? Why did I not marry when I was out of favor with my father, when I was head over ears in debt, and when at least I could feel sure no one

would marry me for my money? Molly," as that young lady came running toward him with lingering traces of jam upon her flushed countenance, "you have arrived just in time. Uncle Charles was getting so dull without you. What have you been after all this time?"

"Cook and me have made thirty-one pots and a little one," said Molly, inserting a very sticky hand into Charles's. "And your Mr. Brown helped. Cook told him to go along at first—which wasn't kind, was it?—but he stayed all the same; and I skimmed with a big spoon, and she poured it in the pots. Only they aren't covered up with paper yet, if you want to see them. And oh! Uncle Charles, what *do* you think? Father and mother have come back from their ride, and that nice funny man who was at the school-feast is coming here tomorrow, and I shall show him my guinea pigs. He said he wanted to see them very much."

"Oh, he did, did he? When was that?"

"At the school-feast. Oh!" with enthusiasm, "he was so nice, Uncle Charles, so attentive, and getting things when you want them; and the wheel went over his foot when he was shaking hands, and he did not mind a bit; and he filled our teapots for us, Ruth's big one, you know, that holds such a lot."

"Oh! He filled the big teapot, did he?"

"Yes, and mine too; and then he helped us to unpack the dolls. He was so kind to me and Cousin Ruth."

"Kind to Miss Deyncourt, was he?"

"Yes; and when we went away he ran and opened the gate for us. Oh, there comes Cousin Ruth back again in the carriage. I'll run and tell her he's coming. She *will* be glad."

"Aunt Mary is right," said Charles, watching his niece disappear. "Molly has formed a habit of expressing herself with unnecessary freedom. Decidedly she is a little spoilt."

CHAPTER IX.

DARE arrived at Atherstone the following afternoon. Evelyn and Ralph, who had enlarged on the state of morbid depression of the lonely inhabitant of Vandon, were rather taken aback by the jaunty appearance of the sufferer, when he appeared, overflowing with evident satisfaction and small talk, his face wreathed with smiles.

"He bears up wonderfully," said Charles aside to Ruth later in the evening, as Dare warbled a very discreet selection

of his best songs after dinner. "No one knows better than myself that many a breaking heart beats beneath a smiling waistcoat, but unless we had been told beforehand we should never have guessed it in his case."

Dare, who was looking at Ruth, and saw Charles go and sit down by her, brought his song to an abrupt conclusion, and made his way to her also.

"You also sing, Miss Deyncourt?" he asked. "I am sure, from your face, you sing."

"I do."

"Thank Heaven!" said Charles fervently. "I did you an injustice. I thought you were going to say 'a little.' Every singing young lady I ever met, when asked that question, invariably replied 'a little.'"

"I leave my friends to say that for me," said Ruth.

"Perhaps you yourself sing a *little*?" asked Dare, wishing Charles would leave Ruth's ball of wool alone.

"No," said Charles; "I have no tricks." And he rose and went off to the newspaper table. Dare's songs were all very well, but really his voice was nothing so very wonderful, and he was not much of an acquisition in other ways.

Then Dare took his opportunity. He dropped into Charles's vacant chair; he wound wool; he wished to learn to knit; his inquiring mind craved for information respecting shooting-stockings. He talked of music; of songs, Italian, French, and English; of American nigger melodies. Would Miss Deyncourt sing? Might he accompany her? Ah! she preferred the simple old English ballads. He *loved* the simple English ballad.

And Ruth, nothing loth, sang in her fresh, clear voice one song after another, Dare accompanying her with rapid sympathy and ease.

Charles put down his paper, and moved slightly, so that he had a better view of the piano. Evelyn laid down her work and looked affectionately at Ruth.

"Exquisite," said Lady Mary from time to time, who had said the same of Lady Grace's wavering little soprano.

"You also sing duets? You sing duets?" eagerly inquired Dare, the music-stool creaking with his suppressed excitement; and, without waiting for an answer, he began playing the opening chords of "Greeting."

The two voices rose and fell together, now soft, now triumphant, harmonizing as if they had sung together for years. Dare's

second was low, pathetic, and it blended at once with Ruth's clear young contralto. Charles wondered that the others should applaud when the duet was finished. Ruth's voice went best alone in his opinion.

"And the 'Cold Blast'?" asked Dare immediately afterwards. "The 'Cold Blast' was here a moment ago" — turning the leaves over rapidly. "You are not tired, Miss Deyncourt?"

"Tired!" replied Ruth, her eyes sparkling. "It never tires me to sing. It rests me."

"Ah! so it is with me. That is just how I feel," said Dare. "To sing, or to listen to the voice of — of —"

"Of what? Confound him!" wondered Charles.

"Of *another*," said Dare. "Ah! here he is!" and he pounced on another song, and lightly touched the opening chords.

"Oh! wert thou in the cold blast,"

sang Ruth, fresh and sweet.

"I'd shelter thee,"

Dare assured her with manly fervor. He went on to say what he would do if he were monarch of the realm, affirming that the brightest jewel of his crown would be his queen.

("Anyhow, he can't pronounce Scotch," Charles thought.)

"Would be his queen," Dare repeated, with subdued emotion and an upward glance at Ruth, which she was too much absorbed in the song to see, but which did not escape Charles. Dare's dark, sentimental eyes spoke volumes of — not sermons — at that moment.

"Oh! Uncle Charles," whispered Molly, who had been allowed to sit up about two hours beyond her nominal bedtime, at which hour she rarely felt disposed to retire; "oh, Uncle Charles! 'The brightest jewel in his crown!' Don't you wish you and me could sing together like that?"

Charles moved impatiently, and took up his paper again.

The evening passed all too quickly for Dare, who loved music and the sound of his own voice, and he had almost forgotten, until Charles left him and Ralph alone together in the smoking-room, that he had come to discuss his affairs with the latter.

"Dear me," said Evelyn, who had followed her cousin to her room after they had dispersed for the night, and was looking out of Ruth's window, "that must be Charles walking up and down on the lawn."

Well now, how thoughtful he is to leave Mr. Dare and Ralph together! You know, Ruth, poor Mr. Dare's affairs are in a very bad way, and he has come to talk things over with my Ralph."

"I hope Ralph will make him put his cottages in order," said Ruth, with sudden interest, shaking back her hair from her shoulders. "Do you think he will?"

"Whatever Ralph advises will be sure to be right," replied Evelyn, with the soft conviction of his infallibility which caused her to be considered by most of Ralph's masculine friends an ideal wife. It is women without reasoning powers of any kind whom the nobler sex should be careful to marry if they wish to be regarded through life in this delightful way by their wives. Men not particularly heroic in themselves, who yet are anxious to pose as heroes in their domestic circle, should remember that the smallest modicum of common sense on the part of the worshipper will inevitably mar a happiness, the very existence of which depends entirely on a blind, unreasoning devotion. In middle life the absence of reason begins perhaps to be felt; but why in youth take thought for such a far-off morrow?

"I hope he will," said Ruth, half to herself. "What an opportunity that man has if he only sees it! There is so much to be done, and it is all in his hands."

"Yes, it's not entailed; but I don't think there is so very much," said Evelyn. "But then, so long as people are nice, I never care whether they are rich or poor. That is the first question I ask when people come into the neighborhood. Are they really nice? Dear me, Ruth, what beautiful hair you have; and mine coming off so! And, talking of hair, did you ever see anything like Mr. Dare's? Somebody must really speak to him about it. If he would keep his hands still, and not talk so quick, and let his hair grow a little, I really think he would not look so like a foreigner."

"I don't suppose he minds looking like one."

"My dear!"

"His mother was a Frenchwoman, wasn't she? I am sure I have heard so fifty times since his uncle died."

"And if she was," said Evelyn reprovingly, "is not that an extra reason for his giving up anything that will remind people of it? And we ought to try to forget it, Ruth, and behave just the same to him as if she had been an Englishwoman. I wonder if he is a Roman Catholic?"

"Ask him."

"I hope he is not," continued Evelyn, taking up her candle to go. "We never had one to stay in the house before. I don't mean," catching a glimpse at Ruth's face, "that Catholics are — well — I don't mean *that*. But still, you know, one would not like to make great *friends* with a Catholic, would one, Ruth? And he is so nice and so amusing that I do hope, as he is going to be a neighbor, he is a Protestant." And after a few more remarks of about the same calibre from Evelyn, the two cousins kissed and parted for the night.

"Will he do it?" said Ruth to herself, when she was alone. "Has he character enough, and perseverance enough, and money enough? Oh! I wish Uncle John would talk to him."

Ruth was not aware that one word from herself would have more weight with a man like Dare than any number from an angel of heaven, if that angel were of the masculine gender. If at the other side of the house Dare could have known how earnestly Ruth was thinking about him, he would not have been surprised (for he was not without experience), but he would have felt immensely flattered.

Vandon lay in a distant part of Mr. Alwynn's parish, and a perpetual curate had charge of the district. Mr. Alwynn consequently seldom went there, but on the few occasions on which Ruth had accompanied him in his periodical visits, she had seen enough. Who cares for a recital of what she saw? Misery and want are so common. We can see them for ourselves any day. In Ruth's heart a great indignation had kindled against old Mr. Dare, of Vandon, who was inaccessible as a ghost in his own house, haunting the same rooms, but never to be found when Mr. Alwynn called upon him to "put things before him in their true light." And when Mr. Dare descended to the Vandon vault, all Mr. Alwynn's interest, and consequently a good deal of Ruth's, had centred in the new heir, who was so difficult to find, and who ultimately turned up from the other end of nowhere just when people were beginning to despair of his ever turning up at all.

And now that he had come, would he make the crooked straight? Would the new broom sweep clean? Ruth recalled the new broom's brown handsome face, with the eager eyes and raised eyebrows, and involuntarily shook her head. It is difficult to be an impartial judge of any one with a feeling for music, and a pathetic tenor voice; but the face she had

called to mind did not inspire her with confidence. It was kindly, amiable, pleasant; but was it strong? In other words, was it not a trifle weak?

She found herself comparing it with another, a thin, reserved face, with keen light eyes and a firm mouth; a mouth with a cigar in it at that moment on the lawn. The comparison, however, did not help her meditations much, being decidedly prejudicial to the "new broom;" and the faint chime of the clock on the dressing-table breaking in on them at the same moment, she dismissed them for the night, and proceeded to busy herself in putting to bed her various little articles of jewellery before betaking herself there also.

Any doubts entertained by Evelyn about Dare's religious views were completely set at rest the following morning, which happened to be a Sunday. He appeared at breakfast in a black frock coat, the splendor of which quite threw Ralph's ancient Sunday garment into the shade. He wore also a chastened, decorous aspect, which seemed unfamiliar to his mobile face, and rather ill suited to it. After breakfast, he inquired when service would be, and expressed a wish to attend it. He brought down a high hat and an enormous prayer-book, and figured with them in the garden.

"Who is going to Greenacre, and who is going to Slumberleigh?" called out Ralph from the smoking-room window. "Because, if any of you are going to foot it to Slumberleigh, you had better be starting. Which are you going to, Charles?"

"I am going where Molly goes. Which is it to be, Molly?"

"Slumberleigh," said Molly with decision, "because it's the shortest sermon, and I want to see the little foal in Brown's field."

"Slumberleigh be it," said Charles. "Now, Miss Deyncourt," as Ruth appeared, "which church are you going to support—Greenacre, which is close in more senses than one, where they never open the windows, and the clergyman preaches for an hour; or Slumberleigh, shady, airy, cool, lying past a meadow with a foal in it? If I may offer that as any inducement, Molly and I intend to patronize Slumberleigh."

Ruth said she would do the same.

"Now, Dare, *you* will be able to decide whether Greenacre, with a little fat tower, or Slumberleigh, with a beautiful tall steeple, suits your religious views best."

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"I will also go to Slumberleigh," said Dare, without a moment's hesitation.

"I thought so. I suppose"—to Ralph and Evelyn—"you are going to Greenacre with Aunt Mary? Tell her I have gone to church, will you? It will cheer her up. Sunday is a very depressing day with her, I know. She thinks of all she has done in the week, preparatory to doing a little more on Monday. Good-bye. Now, then, Molly, have you got your prayer-book? Miss Deyncourt, I don't see yours anywhere. Oh, there it is! No, don't let Dare carry it for you. Give it me. He will have enough to do, poor fellow, to travel with his own. Come, Molly! Is Vic chained up? Yes, I can hear him howling. The craving for church privileges of that dumb animal, Miss Deyncourt, is an example to us Christians. Molly, have you got your penny? Miss Deyncourt, can I accommodate you with a threepenny bit? Now, are we all ready to start?"

"When this outburst of eloquence has subsided," said Ruth, "the audience will be happy to move on."

And so they started across the fields, where the grass was already springing faint and green after the haymaking. There was a fresh wandering air, which fluttered the ribbons in Molly's hat, as she danced on ahead, frisking in her short white skirt beside her uncle, her hand in his. Charles was the essence of wit to Molly, with his grave face that so seldom smiled, and the twinkle in the kind eyes, that always went before those wonderful delightful jokes which he alone could make. Sometimes, as she laughed, she looked back at Ruth and Dare, half a field behind, in pity at what they were missing.

"Shall we wait and tell them that story, Uncle Charles?"

"No, Molly. I dare say he is telling her another which is just as good."

"I don't think that he knows any like yours."

"Some people like the old, old story best."

"Do I know the old, old one, Uncle Charles?"

"No, Molly."

"Can you tell it?"

"No. I have never been able to tell that particular story."

"And do you really think he is telling it to her now?" with a backward glance.

"Not at this moment. It's no good running back. He's only thinking about it now. He will tell her in about a month or six weeks' time."

"I hope I shall be there when he tells it."

"I hope you may; but I don't think it is likely. And now, Molly, set your hat straight, and leave off jumping. I never jump when I go to church with Aunt Mary. Quietly now, for there's the church, and Mr. Alwynn's looking out of the window."

Dare, meanwhile, walking with Ruth, caught sight of the church and lych-gate with heartfelt regret. The stretches of sunny meadow land, the faint clamor of church bells, the pale, refined face beside him, had each individually and all three together appealed to his imagination, always vivid when he himself was concerned. He suddenly felt as if a great gulf had fixed itself, without any will of his own, between his old easy-going life and the new existence that was opening out before him.

He had crossed from the old to the new without any perception of such a gulf, and now, as he looked back, it seemed to yawn between him and all that hitherto he had been. He did not care to look back, so he looked forward. He felt as if he were the central figure (when was he *not* a central figure?) in a new drama. He was fond of acting, on and off the stage, and now he seemed to be playing a new part, in which he was not yet thoroughly at ease, but which he rather suspected would become him exceedingly well. It amused him to see himself going to church — *to church*! to hear himself conversing on flowers and music with a young English girl. The idea that he was rapidly falling in love was specially delightful. He called himself a *vieux scélérat*, and watched the progress of feelings which he felt did him credit with extreme satisfaction. He and Ruth arrived at the church porch all too soon for Dare; and though he had the pleasure of sitting on one side of her during the service, he would have preferred that Charles, of whom he felt a vague distrust, had not happened to be on the other.

announcement excited a flutter in the newspapers, many of whose readers had probably never heard of the Aryans before, while others of them had the vaguest possible idea of what was meant by the name.

Unfortunately it is a name which, unless carefully defined, is likely to mislead or confuse. It was first introduced by Professor Max Müller, and applied by him in a purely linguistic sense. The "discovery" of Sanskrit and the researches of the pioneers of comparative philology had shown that a great family of speech existed, comprising Sanskrit and Persian, Greek and Latin, Teutonic and Slav, all of them sister languages descended from a common parent, of which, however, no literary monuments survived. In place of the defective or cumbersome titles of Indo-German, Indo-European, and the like, which had been suggested for it, Professor Max Müller proposed to call it Aryan — a title derived from the Sanskrit *Arya*, interpreted "noble" in later Sanskrit, but used as a national name in the hymns of the Rig-Veda.

It is much to be regretted that the name has not been generally adopted. Such is the case, however, and it is to-day like a soul seeking a body in which to find a habitation. But the name is an excellent one, though the philologists of Germany, who govern us in such matters, have refused to accept it in the sense proposed by its author; and we are therefore at liberty to discover for it a new abode, and to give to it a new scientific meaning.

In the enthusiasm kindled by the sight of the fresh world that was opening out before them, the first disciples of the science of comparative philology believed that they had found the key to all the secrets of man's origin and earlier history. The parent speech of the Indo-European languages was entitled the *Ursprache*, or "primeval language," and its analysis, it was imagined, would disclose the elements of articulate speech and the process whereby they had developed into the manifold languages of the present world. But this was not enough. The students of language went even further. They claimed not only the domain of philology as their own, but the domain of ethnology as well. Language was confounded with race, and the relationship of tribe with tribe, of nation with nation, was determined by the languages they spoke. If the origin of a people was required, the question was summarily decided by tracing the origin

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THE PRIMITIVE HOME OF THE ARYANS.

In my address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association in 1887, I stated that, in common with many other anthropologists and comparative philologists, I had come to the conclusion that the primitive home of the Aryans was to be sought in north-eastern Europe. The

of its language. English is on the whole a Teutonic language, and therefore the whole English people must have a Teutonic ancestry. The dark-skinned Bengali speaks languages akin to our own; therefore the blood which runs in his veins must be derived from the same source as that which runs in ours.

The dreams of universal conquest indulged in by a young science soon pass away as facts accumulate and the limit of its powers is more and more strictly determined. The *Ursprache* has become a language of comparatively late date in the history of linguistic development, which differed from Sanskrit or Greek only in its fuller inflexional character. The light its analysis was believed to cast on the origin of speech has proved to be the light of a will-o'-the-wisp, leading astray and perverting the energies of those who might have done more profitable work. The mechanism of primitive language often lies more clearly revealed in a modern Bushman's dialect or the grammar of Esquimaux, than in that much-vaunted *Ursprache* from which such great things were once expected by the philosophy of human speech.

Ethnology has avenged the invasion of its territory by linguistic science, and has in turn claimed a province which is not its own. It is no longer the comparative philologist, but the ethnologist, who now and again uses philological terms in an ethnological sense, or settles racial affinities by an appeal to language. The philologist first talked about an "Indo-European race;" such an expression could now be heard only from the lips of a youthful ethnologist.

As soon as the discovery was made that the Indo-European languages were derived from a common mother, scholars began to ask where that common mother-tongue was spoken. But it was agreed on all hands that this must have been somewhere in Asia. Theology and history alike had taught that mankind came from the East, and from the East accordingly the *Ursprache* must have come too. Hitherto Hebrew had been generally regarded as the original language of humanity; now that the Indo-European *Ursprache* had deprived Hebrew of its place of honor, it was natural, if not inevitable, that, like Hebrew, it should be accounted of Asiatic origin. Moreover it was the discovery of Sanskrit that had led to the discovery of the *Ursprache*. Had it not been for Sanskrit, with its copious grammar, its early literature, and the light

which it threw on the forms of Greek and Latin speech, comparative philology might never have been born. Sanskrit was the magician's wand which had called the new science into existence, and without the help of Sanskrit the philologist would not have advanced beyond the speculations and guesses of classical scholars. What wonder, then, if the language which had thus been a key to the mysteries of Greek and Latin, and which seemed to embody older forms of speech than they, should have been assumed to stand nearer to the *Ursprache* than the cognate languages of Europe? The assumption was aided by the extravagant age assigned to the monuments of Sanskrit literature. The poems of Homer might be old, but the hymns of the Veda, it was alleged, mounted back to a primeval antiquity, while the Institutes of Manu represented the oldest code of laws existing in the world.

There was yet another reason which contributed to the belief that Sanskrit was the first-born of the Indo-European family. The founders of comparative philology had been preceded in their analytic work by the ancient grammarians of India. It was from Pāṇini and his predecessors that the followers of Bopp inherited their doctrine of roots and suffixes and their analysis of Indo-European words. The language of the Veda had been analyzed two thousand years ago as no other single language had ever been analyzed before or since. Its very sounds had been carefully probed and distinguished, and an alphabet of extraordinary completeness had been devised to represent them. It appeared as if the elements out of which the Sanskrit vocabulary and grammar had grown had been laid bare in a way that was possible in no other language, and in studying Sanskrit accordingly the scholars of Europe seemed to feel themselves near to the very beginnings of speech.

But it was soon perceived that if the primitive home of the Indo-European languages were Asia, they themselves ought to exhibit evidences of the fact. There are certain objects and certain phenomena which are peculiar to Asia, or at all events are not to be found in Europe, and words expressive of these ought to be met with in the scattered branches of the Indo-European family. If the parent language had been spoken in India, the climate in which they were born must have left its mark upon the face of its offspring.

But here a grave difficulty presented itself. Men have short memories, and the name of an object which ceases to come

before the senses is either forgotten or transferred to something else. The tiger may have been known to the speakers of the parent language, but the words that denoted it would have dropped out of the vocabulary of the derived languages which were spoken in Europe. The same word which signifies an oak in Greek signifies a beech in Latin. We cannot expect to find the European languages employing words with meanings which recall objects met with only in Asia.

How then are we to force the closed lips of our Indo-European languages, and compel them to reveal the secret of their birthplace? Attempts have been made to answer this question in two different ways.

On the one hand it has been assumed that the absence in a particular language, or group of languages, of a term which seems to have been possessed by the parent speech, is evidence that the object denoted by it was unknown to the speakers. But the assumption is contradicted by experience. Because the Latin *equus* has been replaced by *caballus* in the modern Romanic languages, we cannot conclude that the horse was unknown in western Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire. The native Basque word for a "knife," *haistoa*, has been found by Prince L.-L. Bonaparte in a single obscure village; elsewhere it has been replaced by terms borrowed from French or Spanish. Yet we cannot suppose that the Basques were unacquainted with instruments for cutting until they had been furnished with them by their French and Spanish neighbors. Greek and Latin have different words for "fire;" we cannot argue from this that the knowledge of fire was ever lost among any of the speakers of the Indo-European tongues. In short, we cannot infer from the absence of a word in any particular language that the word never existed in it; on the contrary, when a language is known to us only in its literary form it is safe to say that it must have employed many words besides those contained in its dictionary.

A good illustration of the impossibility of arriving at any certain results as long as we confine our attention to words which appear in one but not in another of two cognate languages is afforded by the Indo-European words which denote a sheet of water. There is no word of which it can be positively said that it is found in the Asiatic and the European branches of the family. Lake, ocean, even river and stream, go by different names. A

doubt hangs over the word for "sea;" it is possible, but only possible, that the Sanskrit *pâthas* is the same word as the Greek *πῶρος*, the etymology of which is not yet settled. Nevertheless, we know that the speakers of the parent language must have been acquainted, if not with the sea, at all events with large rivers. *Naus*, "a ship," is the common heritage of Sanskrit and Greek, and must thus go back to the days when the speakers of the dialects which afterwards developed into Sanskrit and Greek still lived side by side. It survives, like a fossil in the rocks, to assure us that they were a water-faring people, and that the want of a common Indo-European word for lake or river is no proof that such a word may not have once existed.

The example I have just given illustrates the second way in which the attempt has been made to solve the riddle of the Indo-European birthplace. It is the only way in which the attempt can succeed. Where precisely the same word, with the same meaning, exists in both the Asiatic and the European members of the Indo-European family — always supposing, of course, that it has not been borrowed by either of them — we may conclude that it also existed in the parent speech. When we find the Sanskrit *as'was* and the Latin *equus*, the exact phonetic equivalents of one another, both alike signifying "horse," we are justified in believing that the horse was known in the country from which both languages derived their ancestry. Though the argument from a negative proves little or nothing, the argument from agreement proves a great deal.

The comparative philologist has by means of it succeeded in sketching in outline the state of culture possessed by the speakers of the parent language, and the objects which were known to them. They inhabited a cold country. Their seasons were three in number, perhaps four, and not two, as would have been the case had they lived south of the temperate zone. They were nomad herdsmen, dwelling in hovels, similar, it may be, to the low round huts of sticks and straw built by the Kabyles on the mountain slopes of Algeria. Such hovels could be erected in a few hours, and left again as the cattle moved into higher ground with the approach of spring, or descended into the valleys when the winter advanced. The art of grinding corn seems to have been unknown, and crushed spelt was eaten instead of bread. A rude sort of agriculture was, however, already practised;

and the skins worn by the community, with which to protect themselves against the rigors of the climate, were sewn together by means of needles of bone. It is even possible that the art of spinning had already been invented, though the art of weaving does not appear to have advanced beyond that of plaiting reeds and withies. The community still lived in the stone age. Their tools and weapons were made of stone or bone, and if they made use of gold or meteoric iron, it was of the unwrought pieces picked up from the ground, and employed as ornaments; of the working of metals they were entirely ignorant. As among savage tribes generally, the various degrees of relationship were minutely distinguished and named, even the wife of a husband's brother receiving a special title; but they could count at least as far as a hundred. They believed in a multitude of ghosts and goblins, making offerings to the dead, and seeing in the bright sky a potent deity. The birch, the pine, and the withy were known to them; so also were the bear and wolf, the hare, the mouse, and the snake, as well as the goose and raven, the quail and the owl. Cattle, sheep, goats, and swine were all kept; the dog had been domesticated, and in all probability also the horse. Last, but not least, boats were navigated by means of oars, the boats themselves being possibly the hollowed trunks of trees.

This account of the primitive community is necessarily imperfect. There must have been many words, like that for "river," which were once possessed by the parent speech, but afterwards lost in either the Eastern or Western branches of the family. Such words the comparative philologist has now no means of discovering, he must accordingly pass them over along with the objects or ideas which they represent. The picture he can give us of the speakers of the primeval Indo-European language can only be approximately complete. Moreover it is always open to correction. Some of the words we now believe to have been part of the original stock carried away by the derived dialects of Asia and Europe may hereafter turn out to have been borrowed by one of these dialects from another, and not to have been a heritage common to both. It is often very difficult to decide whether we are dealing with borrowed words or not. If a word has been borrowed by a language before the phonetic changes had set in which have given the language its peculiar complexion, or while they were in

the course of progress, it will undergo the same alteration as native words containing the same sounds. The phonetic changes which have marked off the High German dialects from their sister tongues do not seem to go back beyond the fall of the Roman Empire, and words borrowed from Latin before that date will accordingly have submitted to the same phonetic changes as words of native origin. Indeed, when once a word is borrowed by one language from another and has passed into common use, it soon becomes naturalized, and is assimilated in form and pronunciation to the words among which it has come to dwell. A curious example of this is to be found in certain Latin words which made their way into the Gaelic dialects in the fourth or fifth century. We often find a Gaelic *c* corresponding to a Welsh *p*, both being derived from a labialized guttural or *qu*, and the habit was accordingly formed of regarding a *c* as the natural and necessary representative of a foreign *p*. When, therefore, words like the Latin *pascha* and *purpura* were introduced by Christianity into the Gaelic branch of the Keltic family, they assumed the form of *caisg* and *corcur*.

It is clear that such borrowings can only take place where the speakers of two different languages have been brought into contact with one another. Before the age of commercial intercourse between Europe and India we cannot suppose that European words could have been borrowed by Sanskrit or Persian, or Sanskrit and Persian words by the European languages. But the case is quite otherwise if instead of comparing together the vocabularies of the Eastern and Western members of the Indo-European stock, we wish to compare only Western with Western, or Eastern with Eastern. There our difficulties begin, and we must look to history, or botany, or zoology for aid. From a purely philological point of view the English *hemp*, the Old High German *hanf*, the Old Norse *hanpr*, and the Latin *cannabis* might all be derived from a common source, and point to the fact that hemp was known to the first speakers of the Indo-European languages in north-western Europe. But the botanists tell us that this could not have been the case. Hemp is a product of the East which did not originally grow in Germany, and consequently both the plant itself and the name by which it was called must have come from abroad. So, again, the lion bears a similar name in Greek and Latin, in German, in Slavonic, and in Keltic.

But the only part of Europe in which the lion existed at a time when the speakers of an Indo-European language could have become acquainted with it were the mountains of Thrace, and it must, accordingly, have been from Greek that its name spread to the other cognate languages of the West.

It has been needful to enter into these details before we can approach the question, What was the original home of the parent Indo-European language? They have been too often ignored or forgotten by those who have set themselves to answer the question, and to this cause must be ascribed the larger part of the misunderstandings and false conclusions to which the inquiry has given birth.

Until a few years ago I shared the old belief that the parent speech had its home in Asia, probably on the slopes of the Hindu Kush. The fact that the languages of Europe and Asia alike possessed the same words for "winter" and "ice" and "snow," and that the only two trees whose names were preserved by both—the "birch" and the "pine"—were inhabitants of a cold region, proved that this home did not lie in the tropics. But the uplands of the Hindu Kush, or the barren steppes in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, or even the valleys of Siberia, would answer to the requirements presented by such words. Taken by themselves they were fully compatible with the view that the first speakers of the Indo-European tongues were an Asiatic people.

But when I came to ask myself what were the grounds for holding this view, I could find none that seemed to me satisfactory. There is much justice in Dr. Latham's remark that it is unreasonable to derive the majority of the Indo-European languages from a continent to which only two members of the group are known to belong, unless there is an imperative necessity for doing so. These languages have grown out of dialects once existing within the parent speech itself, and it certainly appears more probable that two of such dialects or languages should have made their way into a new world, across the bleak plains of Tartary, than that seven or eight should have done so. The argument, it is true, is not a strong one, but it raises at the outset a presumption in favor of Europe. Before the dialects had developed into languages, their speakers could not have lived far apart; there is, in fact, evidence of this in the case of Sanskrit and Persian; and a more widely

spread primitive community is implied by the numerous languages of Europe than by the two languages of Asia. A widely spread community, however, is less likely to wander far from its original seat than a community of less extent, more especially when it is a community of herdsmen, and the track to be traversed is long and barren.

Apart from the general prejudice in favor of an Asiatic origin due to old theological teaching and the effect of the discovery of Sanskrit, I can find only two arguments which have been supposed to be of sufficient weight to determine the choice of Asia rather than of Europe as the cradle of Indo-European speech. The first of these arguments is linguistic, the second is historical, or rather quasi-historical. On the one hand it has been laid down by eminent philologists that the less one of the derived languages has deflected from the parent speech, the more likely it is to be geographically nearer to its earliest home. The faithfulness of the record is a test of geographical proximity. As Sanskrit was held to be the most primitive of the Indo-European languages, to reflect most clearly the features of the parent speech, the conclusion was drawn that that parent speech had been spoken at no great distance from the country in which the hymns of the Rig-Veda were first composed. The conclusion was supported by the second argument, drawn from the sacred books of Parsaism. In the Vendidad the migrations of the Iranians were traced back through the successive creations of Ormazd to Airyanem Vaëjō, "the Aryan Power," which Lassen localized near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes. But Bréal and De Harlez have shown that the legends of the Vendidad, in their present form, are late and untrustworthy—later, in fact, than the Christian era;* and even if we could attach any historical value to them, they would tell us only from whence the Iranians believed their own ancestors to have come, and would throw no light on the cradle of the Indo-European languages as a whole. The first argument is one which I think no student of language would any longer employ. As Professor Max Müller has said, it would suffice to prove that the Scandinavians emigrated from Iceland. But to those who would still urge it, I must re-

* Bréal, "Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique" (1878), pp. 187-215; De Harlez, "Introduction à l'Étude de l'Avesta," pp. xciii., 399. Compare Darmesteter's Introduction to the Zend-Avesta. pt. 1, in "The Sacred Books of the East."

peat what I have said elsewhere. Although in many respects Sanskrit has preserved more faithfully than the European languages the forms of primitive Indo-European grammar, in many other respects the converse is the case. In the latest researches into the history of Indo-European grammar, Greek holds the place once occupied by Sanskrit. The belief that Sanskrit was the elder sister of the family led to the assumption that the three short vowels *a*, *i*, and *u* have all originated from an earlier *ā*. I was, I believe, the first to protest against this assumption in 1874, and to give reasons for thinking that the single monotonous *ā* of Sanskrit resulted from the coalescence of three distinct vowels. The analogy of other languages goes to show that the tendency of time is to reduce the number of vocalic sounds possessed by a language, not the contrary. In place of the numerous vowels possessed by ancient Greek, modern Greek can now show only five, and cultivated English is rapidly merging its vowel sounds into the so-called "neutral" *a*. Since my protest the matter has been worked out by Italian, German, and French scholars, and we now know that it is the vocalic system of the European languages rather than of Sanskrit which most faithfully represents the oldest form of Indo-European speech. The result of the discovery, for discovery it must be called, has been a complete revolution in the study of Indo-European etymology, and still more of Indo-European grammar, and whereas ten years ago it was Sanskrit which was invoked to explain Greek, it is to Greek that the "new school" now turns to explain Sanskrit. The comparative philologist necessarily cannot do without the help of both; the greater the number of languages he has to compare the sounder will be his inductions; but the primacy which was once supposed to reside in Asia has been taken from her. It is Greek, and not Sanskrit, which has taught us what was the primitive vowel of the reduplicated syllable of the perfect and the augment of the aorist, and has thus narrowed the discussion into the origin of both.

Until quite recently, however, the advocates of the Asiatic home of the Indo-European languages found a support in the position of the Armenian language. Armenian stands midway, as it were, between Persia and Europe, and it was imagined to have very close relations with the old language of Persia. But we now know that its Persian affinities are illusory, and that it

must really be grouped with the languages of Europe. What is more, the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions of Van has cast a strong light on the date of its introduction into Armenia. These inscriptions are the records of kings whose capital was at Van, and who marched their armies in all directions during the ninth, eighth, and seventh centuries before our era. The latest date that can as yet be assigned to any of them is B. C. 640. At this time there were still no speakers of an Indo-European language in Armenia. The language of the inscriptions has no connection with those of the Indo-European family, and the personal and local names occurring in the countries immediately surrounding the dominions of the Vannic kings, and so abundantly mentioned in their texts, are of the same linguistic character as the Vannic names themselves.

The evidence of classical writers fully bears out the conclusions to be derived from the decipherment of the Vannic inscriptions. Herodotus* tells us that the Armenians were colonists from Phrygia, the Phrygians themselves having been a Thracian tribe which had migrated into Asia. The same testimony was borne by Eudoxos,† who further averred that the Armenian and Phrygian languages resembled one another. The tradition must have been recent in the time of Herodotus, and we shall probably not go far wrong if we assign the occupation of Armenia by the Phrygian tribes to the age of upheaval in western Asia which was ushered in by the fall of the Assyrian Empire. Professor Fick has shown that the scanty fragments of the Phrygian language that have survived to us belong to the European branch of the Indo-European family, and thus find their place by the side of Armenian.

Instead, therefore, of forming a bridge between Orient and Occident Armenian represents the furthestmost flow of Indo-European speech from West to East. And this flow belongs to a relatively late period. Apart from Armenian we can discover no traces of Indo-European occupation between Media and the Halys until the days when Iranian Ossetes settled in the Caucasus and the mountaineers of Kurdistan adopted Iranian dialects. I must reiterate here what I have said many years ago: if there is one fact which the Assyrian monuments make clear and indubitable, it

* VII. 73.

† According to Eustathios (in Dion. v. 694).

is that up to the closing days of the Assyrian monarchy no Indo-European languages were spoken in the vast tract of civilized country which lay between Kurdistan and western Asia Minor. South of the Caucasus they were unknown until the irruption of the Phrygians into Armenia. Among the multitudinous names of persons and localities belonging to this region which are recorded in the Assyrian inscriptions during a space of several centuries there is only one which bears upon it the Indo-European stamp. This is the name of the leader of the Kimmerians, a nomad tribe from the north-east which descended upon the frontiers of Assyria in the reign of Esar-haddon, and was driven by him into Asia Minor. The fact is made the more striking by the further fact that as soon as we clear the Kurdish ranges and enter Median territory, names of Indo-European origin meet us thick and fast. We can draw but one conclusion from these facts. Whether the Indo-European languages of Europe migrated from Asia, or whether the converse were the case, the line of march must have been northward of the Caspian, through the inhospitable steppes of Tartary and over the snow-covered heights of the Ural Mountains.

An ingenious argument has lately been put forward, which at first sight seems to tell in favor of the Asiatic origin of Indo-European speech. Dr. Penka has drawn attention to the fact that several of the European languages agree in possessing the same word for "eel," and that whereas the eel abounds in the rivers and lakes of Scandinavia, it is unknown in those cold regions of western Asia where, as we have seen, it has been proposed to place the cradle of the Indo-European family. But it is a curious fact that in Greek and Latin, and apparently also in Lithuanian, the word for "eel" is a diminutive derived from a word which denotes a snake or snake-like creature. This, it has been urged, may be interpreted to mean that the primeval habitat of the Indo-European languages was one where the snake was known, but the eel was not. The argument, however, cannot be pressed. We all agree that the first speakers of the Indo-European languages lived on the land, not on the water, and that they were herdsmen rather than fishermen. Naturally, therefore, they would become acquainted with the snake before they became acquainted with the eel, however much it might abound in the rivers near them, and its resemblance to the snake

would lend to it its name. In Keltic the eel is called a "water-snake," and to this day a prejudice against eating it on the ground that it is a snake exists in Keltic districts. All we can infer from the diminutives *anguilla*, *lyxelos*, is that the Italians and Greeks in the first instance gave the name to the fresh-water eel, and not to the huge conger.

I cannot now enter fully into the reasons which have led me gradually to give up my old belief in the Asiatic origin of the Indo-European tongues, and to subscribe to the views of those who would refer them to a northern European birth-place. The argument is a complicated one, and is necessarily of a cumulative character. The individual links in the chain may not be strong, but collectively they afford that amount of probability which is all we can hope to attain in historical research. Those who wish to study them may do so in Dr. Penka's work on the "Herkunft der Arier," published in 1886. His hypothesis that southern Scandinavia was the primitive "Aryan home" seems to me to have more in its favor than any other hypothesis on the subject which has as yet been put forward. It needs verification, it is true, but if it is sound the verification will not be long in coming. A more profound examination of Teutonic and Keltic mythology, a more exact knowledge of the words in the several Indo-European languages which are not of Indo-European origin, and the progress of archaeological discovery, will furnish the verification we need.

Meanwhile, it must be allowed that the hypothesis has the countenance of history. Scandinavia, even before the sixth century, was characterized as "the manufactory of nations;"* and the voyages and settlements of the Norse vikings offer a historical illustration of what the prehistoric migrations and settlements of the speakers of the Indo-European languages must have been. They differed from the latter only in being conducted by sea, whereas the prehistoric migrations followed the valleys of the great rivers. It was not until the age of the Roman Empire that the northern nations became acquainted with the sailing boat; our English *sail* is the Latin *sagulum*, "the little cloak of the soldier," borrowed by the Teutons along with its name, and used to propel their boats in imitation of the sails of the Roman vessels. The introduction

* "Quasi officina gentium aut certe velut vagina nationum;" Jordanes, De Getarum sive Gothorum origine, ed. Closs, c. 4.

of the sail allowed the inhabitants of the Scandinavian "hive" to push boldly out to sea, and ushered in the era of Saxon pirates and Danish invasions.

Dr. Penka's arguments are partly anthropological, partly archaeological. He shows that the Kelts and Teutons of Roman antiquity were the tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired, dolicho-cephalic race which is now being fast absorbed in Keltic lands by the older inhabitants of them. The typical Frenchman of to-day has but little in common with the typical Gaul of the age of Cæsar. The typical Gaul was, in fact, as much a conqueror in Gallia as he was in Galatia, or, as modern researches have shown, as the typical Kelt was in Ireland. It seems to have been the same in Greece. Here, too, the golden-haired hero of art and song was a representative of the ruling class, of that military aristocracy which overthrew the early culture of the Peloponnese, and of whom tradition averred that it had come from the bleak north. Little trace of it now remains; it is rarely that the traveller can discover any longer the modern kinsfolk of the golden-haired Apollo or the blue-eyed Athênê.

If we would still find the ancient blonde race of northern Europe in its purity we must go to Scandinavia. Here the prevailing type of the population is still that of the broad-shouldered, long-headed blondes who served as models for the Dying Gladiator. And it is in southern Scandinavia alone that the prehistoric tumuli and burying-grounds yield hardly any other skeletons than those of the same tall, dolicho-cephalic race which still inhabits the country. Elsewhere such skeletons are either wanting or else mixed with the remains of other races. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that it was from southern Scandinavia that those bands of hardy warriors originally emerged, who made their way southward and westward and even eastward, the Kelts of Galatia penetrating like the Phrygians before them into the heart of Asia Minor. The Norse migrations in later times were even more extensive, and what the Norse vikings were able to achieve could have been achieved by their ancestors centuries before.

Now the Kelts and Teutons of the Roman age spoke Indo-European languages. It is more probable that the subject populations should have been compelled to learn the language of their conquerors than that the conquerors should have taken the trouble to learn the language

of their serfs. We know at any rate that it was so in Ireland. Here the old "Ivernian" population adopted the language of the small band of Keltic invaders that settled in its midst. It is only where the conquered possess a higher civilization than the conquerors, above all, where they have a literature and an organized form of religion, that Franks will adapt their tongues to Latin speech, or Manchus learn to speak Chinese. Moreover, in southern Scandinavia, where we have archaeological evidence that the tall blonde race was scarcely at any time in close contact with other races, it is hardly possible for it to have borrowed its language from some other people. The Indo-European languages still spoken in the country must, it would seem, be descended from languages spoken there from the earliest period to which the evidence of human occupation reaches back. The conclusion is obvious; southern Scandinavia and the adjacent districts must be the first home and starting-point of the western branch of the Indo-European family.

If we turn to the eastern branch, we find that the further East we go the fainter become the traces of the tall blonde race and the greater is the resemblance between the speakers of Indo-European languages and the native tribes. In the highlands of Persia, tall long-headed blondes with blue eyes can still be met with, but as we approach the hot plains of India, the type grows rarer and rarer until it ceases altogether. An Indo-European dialect must be spoken in India by a dark-skinned people before it can endure to the third and fourth generation. As we leave the frontiers of Europe behind us we lose sight of the race with which Dr. Penka's arguments would tend to connect the parent speech of the Indo-European family.

I cannot now follow him in the interesting comparison he draws between the social condition of the southern Scandinavians as disclosed by the contents of the prehistoric "kitchen-middens," and the social condition of the speakers of the Indo-European parent speech according to the sobered estimate of recent linguistic research. The resemblance is certainly very striking, though, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that archaeological science is still in its infancy, and that Dr. Penka too often assumes that a word common to the European languages belonged to the parent speech, an assumption which will not, of course, be admitted by his opponents.

What more nearly concerns us here, however, is the name we should give to the race of people who spoke the parent language. We cannot call them Indo-Europeans; that would lead to endless ambiguities, while the term itself has already been appropriated in a linguistic sense. Dr. Penka has called them Aryans, and I can see no better title with which to endow them. The name is short; it has already been used in an ethnological as well as in a linguistic sense, and since our German friends have rejected it in its linguistic application, it is open to every one to confine it to a purely ethnological meaning. I know that the author has protested against such an application of the term; but it is not the first time that a father has been robbed of his offspring, and he cannot object to the robbery when it is committed in the cause of science. For some time past the name of Aryan has been without a definition, while the first speakers of the Indo-European parent speech have been vainly demanding a name; and the priests of anthropology cannot do better than lead them to the font of science, and there baptize them with the name of Aryan.

A. H. SAYCE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

MR. DANDELOW: A STORY HALF TOLD.

"THERE! I have much respect for you, Monseigneur le Pasteur, too much respect to attempt to deceive you. I will make no pretence, but you have heard my last word on this subject, and, I pray you, do not touch upon it again. I shall resent it as an intrusion. I promised her to continue family prayers night and morning, and I mean to keep that promise. I shall read one of the lessons every day till I die—I shall, you may rely upon it. But I've done with what you call the Lord's Prayer, which we used to call the *Pater Noster*. I'll have no more of *that*. I've lost my Nancy, the only good woman—a real good woman—I ever knew. That boy's *snooks* killed her—broke her heart." The deep voice trembled and stopped, and the quivering face turned away from my gaze. "Yes! that boy killed her, and I never want to forgive him. I wouldn't if I could. Forgiving him *his* trespasses! I tell you I'm not capable of it, and I am no more for trying. If you will come and look in as usual——" He shuddered and stopped again; then he humbly held out his vast

hand, grasped mine, and bowed his head in silence. "Only no more of that Lord's Prayer—that must be the bargain!"

I did not know Mr. Dandelow, when he spoke those words, quite so intimately as I got to know him afterwards; we had during the last six weeks been drawn together rather closely by the illness of his wife, who, less than sixty years of age, had suddenly "broken down," as we say, with no symptom of disease—no symptom, in fact, of anything but senile decay. She had faded and *whimpered* out of life, and she had just been laid in her grave. I had a great admiration for Mr. Dandelow. He stood at least six feet two inches high, and, though as upright as a bulrush, he must have been at one time much taller—for he was now nearly eighty years old. There was a mystery about the man. No one could doubt that there were generations of gentle blood in his veins. Every now and then he startled you by his delicacy of feeling or by an outburst of wrath against meanness and vulgar baseness. And yet he certainly had passed his life for the most part among horse-dealers and grooms. Nay! I found out at last that there had been a period—I do not think it had lasted long—when he had haunted gipsy encampments, racecourses, and prize-fights. He expressed himself well in English, yet he now and then dropped into decided provincialisms; and when he did so he seemed to enjoy the fun and to be drawing upon his memory,—a memory which was fetching back words and phrases from a distant past—a past for which he could not always conceal his dread.

He had lived for nearly fifty years in some situation on the Continent, and was a perfect Frenchman at times when he was surprised into forgetfulness of the English personality which he tenaciously clung to after his return to his native country. I first made his acquaintance under somewhat comical circumstances. A beautiful little pony—he never could help dealing in horseflesh—which he had turned out for a run in a small paddock in front of his house, was showing a decided reluctance to return to the stable, or to be captured by Sam—Mr. Dandelow's "boy"—though aided by the lure of a sieveful of tempting oats. The beautiful creature galloped round the field—stood, stared, snorted—looked with bright eyes and ears erect, as if mocking master and man—trotted off again, lifting up his feet as if he were defying the world to produce such *action* among all the studs

that ever were; then he would let Sam approach within a yard of him, playing at being weary and submissive, and was off again like the wind. Mr. Dandelow, leaning over the gate, was, as he would have said, "ravished" with delight at the beauty of his favorite. But after a while he manifestly was growing impatient. I was standing some twenty yards from him, watching the game from the roadside, and interested in seeing how it would end. Mr. Dandelow's voice grew louder—he went on to call Sam a fool—he shouted to him in wrath. At last, provoked by some awkwardness of the human or some waywardness of the equine animal, he burst out in tones of thunder, "*Sacrrrrr-rrée bête! peste de gr-r-r-igou!*" and one or two other choice expletives with whose meaning I was not acquainted, but which I guessed to be more forcible than pious. I don't know what possessed me; but, walking leisurely down to the gate, I leant over it, still watching the game. Mr. Dandelow, his brow darkening as he watched Sam and the pony, took no more notice of me than if I had been the gate-post. Just then Sam caught hold of the pony's forelock, but the little creature was too quick for his antagonist, and sent him sprawling on the ground, sieve and all. Before Dandelow could speak, I shouted out as loud as I could bawl, "*Sabrrrr-re de bois! Pisto-let de paille! Gr-r-r-renadier de papier!*" Mr. Dandelow was betrayed into a look of surprise; for three seconds he stared full at me as if he were trying to make me out. Then he took off his hat in the most ceremonious Paris fashion and made me a profound bow. "Tiens! C'est Monsieur le Pasteur!" I lifted my hat and bowed low. We became friends from that hour.

I never read a novel of Mr. Besant's—and what wise man misses reading one of Mr. Besant's novel's whenever he has a chance?—never without thinking and sometimes saying to himself, "If I had but this writer's gift of romance, or could acquire the skill he has in the art of fiction, I could really make a sensation by working up into a story the incidents in Mr. Dandelow's life that have come to my knowledge." Alas! I have none of that sort of imagination and delineative ability which Mr. Oscar Wilde seems to regard as amongst the highest of all gifts—the gift of lying. Whenever I have feebly tried my hand at writing a story, I find that my readers invariably declare that it is all as true as the evidence in a blue-book,

and it is only when I tell a plain, unvarnished tale, every detail of which is true to the letter, that the critics shake their pens and say, "This man is really presuming too far upon the credulity of the public." This morning, as I sit down to put on record some episodes in the career of Mr. Dandelow, I do so with hesitation and reluctance. I only do so at all because I have been strongly urged to write the curious narrative.

Mr. Dandelow had a mother—most men have. She had lived in the house she occupied for nearly seventy years when her summons came. She had survived all who knew her story, whatever it was. There were vague rumors among the older people of how, as a mere girl, she had taken possession of the house, "the winter after Admiral Nelson got shot aboard ship—you mind," said one. "Why, Jack!" said another warmly, "that warn't winter at all! That were May month, I gnaw't. I was a little 'un, and I was set a-crow-keeping for Farmer Dawson, and the foxhounds they come acrost by yon medder, and there was a fox with a cub in her mouth a'most finished, and Farmer Dawson he holloa'd to the huntsmen and he says, 'Yow ain't a'going to see the kid in its mother's milk, are ye?' says he—for he was that strong in scriptur' you could never find him w'out it. 'What do you mean, ye old saint?' says th' huntsman. 'What do I mean?' says old Dawson, 'I mean that's a shame—that's what I mean, to go and hunt a poor wixen wi' a cub in her mouth.' So they whipt off. And as I came by there was Mrs. Dandelow standing by the winder. She lookt as wild as a witch, and her two fists was doubled that tight they looked like wood, and she was white as death, and blest if I didn't think as she'd ha' flown at 'em all. I was on'y a little 'un, as you may say, but I was that scared that I warn't likely to forget *that*. I tell you that was May month. That warn't winter!"

For five or six years she lived there with her boy. The tradition is, she never spoke to any one. She kept a maid-servant, a brawny female of forbidding aspect, and a man who "did" the garden and managed the paddock after a certain rule of his own. One year he took in stock to feed off the grass, and the next year he put it up for hay, and sold it for money down, before a scythe was allowed to be swung. The hay crop, it is said, made enough to pay for two years' straw,

and as long as the straw lasted, he kept pigs for the sake of the manure. The maidservant used to be the joke of the neighborhood. She had a fierce hatred of half the human race, for to a man she could never be civil. Her mistress she worshipped, as an awful goddess, with fear and reverential wonder. She told no tales. The people only remember her by the name of Towzer. The man was as sullen and morose as man could be. He hated the people—he hated the place. He was afflicted with a bad impediment of speech, and he never could bring out his words except when he was in a passion, and then he swore with fluency. On Sunday morning Mrs. Dandelow marched off to church, nearly a mile off, as regular as the parson. She had a pew to herself. She brought with her a large prayer-book bound in scarlet morocco. They say that at church, and going and coming, she never uttered a sound, and never lifted her eyes from the ground. One day she disappeared, taking Towzer and her boy with her, leaving old Blub to garrison the fortress.

Blub somehow found himself married one day to a widow whose children were off her hands. Fourteen years went by. Mrs. Blub died. Mrs. Dandelow and Towzer returned, and the old life went on exactly as before, except that there was no "young master Jack." What had become of him? That no one knew—he was never heard of. There were strange rumors: he had grown up a giant; he had been too free with his money; had, as a boy, thrown George Borrow easily in a wrestling-match; had stood up against Thurtell like a young lion, and denounced him as a cheat on Newmarket Heath, though fifty ruffians were round him, snarling, threatening, blaspheming; had lost his heart wholly, absolutely, irrecoverably; had been set upon by three big gipsies one night; had literally broken the neck of one of them by clutching the fellow's chin in those terrible hands, and "bending his head back till the spine crackt;" finally, that there had been a warrant out against him.

Forty—ay, and nearly fifty years went by. Many Blubs came and vanished—they all came "from the shires, up-country somewheres." *She'd* never have none from these parts. There was a Frenchy came once, but *he* didn't stay long—he talked too much." Towzer grew old and rheumatic; she had a girl to train and to help her—a bright, intelligent, saucy lass, who, as the years went by, grew to be a

very serviceable young woman, and adored her mistress with immeasurably more tenderness and demonstrative affection than old Towzer had ever condescended to exhibit. Then Towzer died. By this time the railroad had invaded us, and a prim and precise old gentleman, with a shirt-frill, came down from "t'other side London," and carried off Towzer as she lay in her coffin, and took her away by train. "That warn't no use asking him where he was a-going, 'twasn't likely he'd 'a told."

The household went on as before. To Towzer had succeeded Polly—Polly Battle—who grew to be mistress over everything. She was a masterful—an irresistibly masterful young woman. She had a pretty, delicate face, with frank brown eyes and great masses of hair that she was proud of, and turned round and round her head in heavy coils. There was only one point which she never could carry against Mrs. Dandelow—a cap the old lady insisted that Polly should wear. Polly fretted, shed streams of tears, was saucy, rude, penitent, rebellious; gave notice; begged for forgiveness in a most abject way; and ended by submitting unconditionally, and got to like the cap at last, and to believe that it was a most becoming headdress.

During all those forty or fifty years Mrs. Dandelow went on in the old routine—monotonous, uneventful; letters came periodically, for the most part from across the Channel. One day it was whispered that somebody had died and left Mrs. Dandelow, then between sixty and seventy, as I gather, a lump sum. By this time a bank had been opened at Croton, the market town, only some three miles off. Another "gentleman from London" came down with papers to sign; and the parson and a neighboring magistrate had to be called in. Then every quarter there was need of a certificate that Mrs. Dandelow was really alive, and it was noticed that the quarterly sum she received was always odd money—a few shillings and pence under 60*l.*, the shillings and pence varied from time to time.

Little by little kind people timidly made approaches to Mrs. Dandelow. Towzer's long illness brought the doctor. The doctor's wife offered some gentle help. Might she call again? Mrs. Dandelow hesitated. "I suppose I am not worth spying at now, I'm past that. Yes! you may come!" "Spying at, Mrs. Dandelow! I thought you were too proud to utter such a cruel speech as that. I too

have lost my only boy," and the good woman's eyes filled and she moved to the door. "Child!" cried Mrs. Dandelow. "Child! If you think that anything can cure me of being bitter, you know less of the world than I do, and that's not much. Such as I keep hard and get to be cruel as we keep alive and grow grey. Don't cry! Don't cry! Come, and be cruel to me. That'll ease the pain. Yes, you may come!" So she came and would sit with the old lady by the hour. But she too dropped off at last.

Mrs. Dandelow seemed as if she would never die. She was at least eighty-seven years old. For some time she had walked to church leaning on a crutch staff. One day the parish clergyman received a message: Mrs. Dandelow was seriously ill. The worthy parson was a delicate man, in weak health, and anything suspected of weakness Mrs. Dandelow abhorred. She never could bear the sight of feebleness. Good Mr. Lambert (that name will do as well as another) found his parishioner propped up by pillows, perfectly conscious, her speech unaffected, but unable to use her right hand. She bowed her head slightly. "I have sent for you, sir, to write a letter for me. Polly has put out the desk for you. Please to write." He meekly sat down and wrote announcing to some unknown and unnamed person that Mrs. Dandelow was dying, and peremptorily summoning him to her bedside. "To whom shall I address it?" "There is no need; Polly will post it; I knew this was coming, and provided envelopes accordingly." He began to talk professionally, for he was a devout and high-minded clergyman. Polly saw her mistress's lips compress. There was a stubborn and determined silence. A man can't continue talking to a couple of women who make not the smallest response, and whose stony eyes, if they are turned in his direction at all, are levelled along a line just half an inch above his head. The parson rose, was drawing near the bed, when Polly interposed in her free-and-easy way. "Why! He don't know where he came in! There's the door, sir!" Without knowing how, he found himself in the passage and let himself out.

Two days later appeared Mr. Dandelow. The old lady died; the son remained and seemed to have an intention of keeping up the establishment precisely on the same footing as before, except that Polly was promoted to be housekeeper with a girl under her, and Blub's representative was soon dismissed with ignominy and some

rancor, Mr. Dandelow declaring in forcible language that the man was a born fool, who couldn't rub down a horse or fold a coat. For Mr. Dandelow was inordinately particular about his dress; and, when he was not within hearing, his neighbors used to call him "Dandy Jack." Only one or two very old people had even the faintest recollection of him. It was sixty years since as a boy he had left the parish; the very stories and traditions which concerned him had almost passed away and become forgotten. To the surprise of some gossips, the annuity which the mother had enjoyed so long continued to be paid to the son, and Mr. Dandelow evidently had a comfortable income. He began to make acquaintances. The neighboring farmers, who were then prospering hugely and "the best of company," would drop in to spend the evening with Mr. Dandelow; but it was noticed that, if any one tried to find out his antecedents, he would throw away his cigar—he always smoked cigars, and good ones, too—get up from his chair, yawn, and either leave the room or look out at the window. There was a grand air about him which kept people at a distance. Familiarities with him were impossible.

Within six months of his coming among us Mr. Dandelow married a wife. "Nancy Brown" was—take her all in all—the very best and truest and most right-thinking woman of her class I ever knew. Her brother, a well-to-do farmer, had lost his wife about twenty years before the time I am speaking of, and his sister Narcissa had thereupon gone to keep his house and be a mother to his four little children. Everything went well under her sagacious and devout management. But in one of those unaccountable freaks of folly to which all men are liable—and especially so in middle life—Brown "got let in," as his neighbors called it, and was idiot enough to marry again. The second wife was young enough to be his daughter, and his sister no longer found her brother's home a fit one for herself. Mr. Dandelow, as she told me, went to her; he had been watching her for some time. When he came to the point his advances were characteristically straightforward. He had promised his mother he would marry; he wanted no *dot*. [She did not know what he meant by that.] "The Dandelows, Miss Brown, love only once; *but*, what they promise, that they stand to. If you will be my wife I will be a true husband to you, so help me God!" She believed him. She asked for a week to think over

it. He returned at the day and hour appointed. "Yes!" "Have you told any one?" "Not a living soul. How should I? The secret was yours as much as mine. I prayed God to help me. That was best." "Can you keep another secret now — *ours*?" "Ours is yours, Mr. Dandelow; what you bid me keep I shall keep at your bidding."

That day month the parson married them; she had with her her two nieces, one married and the other single. Dandelow walked to church with the license in his pocket. Polly followed in a fly hired from Croton, and, when the ceremony was over, Mr. and Mrs. Dandelow drove off in one direction and Polly and the two younger ones went back to dinner, and, under strict orders from Mr. Dandelow, and by the help of Sarah the housemaid, finished a whole bottle of champagne which had been provided for them; while Angus the groom and his slatternly wife consumed another without reluctance. In three days the bride and bridegroom came back, and the old regularity began again and continued as before. Miss Brown had asked for one concession, and one only, and Mr. Dandelow had pledged himself to have and to conduct family prayers. He seems to have agreed to this without an effort; every night and every morning his mother's red morocco prayer-book was laid upon the table, and the three servants (for Angus lived in a cottage in the stable yard) marched in, and the act of worship was joined in by all. Once it chanced that I was at the house during a furious thunderstorm; the clock struck ten, and at the last stroke in came Polly, followed by her satellites, and laid the book before her master. He did not even look at me, but began. One of the prayers he used was for the Church militant; he made a strange alteration in the wording of one clause, praying "for *Dooks* and for all in authority under them." I did not know the real significance of these odd words till some years later.

Mrs. Nancy Dandelow had one deep and continuous sorrow — the word is not too strong — which began upon her wedding day. The clergyman, in reading the marriage service, omitted one prayer, which is left to the discretion of the minister to offer up or not, as he sees fit. Mrs. Dandelow was nearer fifty than forty; she had a passionate love for children; she hoped still that she might have one — if only one — of her own. The omission of that prayer came to her as if the parson had pronounced upon her a curse. She

saddened, she wept, she moaned inwardly. She would come and lay her head against her husband's arm as he stopped in his work, and smile in his face tenderly, and then go her way and pine. He saw it, understood it. He would watch for the children on their way from school and ask them into the house, and give them gingerbread. The sight of them cheered Nancy, but the craving rather grew than lessened. One day he said gaily, "What should we do with little 'uns, my lass? I'm very nearly an old man, though I don't feel like one. And you, you're not up to a nursery neither. But I tell you what, if you can find a likely boy, we'll take him up, only he must be more than a toddler." She felt her heart stop. "May I?" "Haven't I said so? Anything so that you don't fret about what can't be!"

Marriage had made Mr. Dandelow quite a new man. He was almost jovial. He built himself a workshop near the stable and put up a forge and an anvil. He was always making jobs for himself; he was a skilful turner and handled tools as if he had been born to them. He shod his own horses, for he was always dealing in them in a small way. Nothing pleased him better than when there was something to mend. He actually would break forth into singing snatches of French songs at times, as he sprawled his vast length on the lawn in the sunshine.

O qu'il est beau! qu'il est beau! qu'il est beau!

Le postillon de Longjumeau!

he was shouting out one day at the top of his stentorian voice, and throwing his whole force into emphasizing the "postillon," when a surly tramp, with his dirty head just rising above the palings, snarled out at him: "A pretty little postillion *you'd* make, you would, master, and a nice light weight for a pony!" Dandelow laughed loudly, called to Polly to give the fellow twopence, and thought no more about the man. "Do you know, master, that was Gipsy Dick?" she said a little later; "there hasn't been a gipsy camp about here for years. He *did* look bad!" Dandelow's face changed — a dark cloud passed over it: "Who's he?" "Lawk, sir! he's Drinking Dick as they wouldn't take with 'em when mistress sent off the pack of them to America. They do say them gipsies never get drunk; *he* did, though, whenever he got a chance — the black!" Polly noticed that something had come over Mr. Dandelow. There was no more singing; he looked fierce and

dangerous. The good wife was anxious, but was wise enough to make no remark. A week or so after this a neighbour called and begged Mr. Dandelow to come with him and help him to buy a horse. It was late when he got home again; he was tired and famished; the supply of creature comforts was abundant as usual. Fastidious almost to daintiness as he was, the bulk of food he would consume at a sitting was prodigious. At last he was satisfied and drew back his chair. "What's the news, my lass?" he said; for his quick eye read every expression in his wife's face. "John, I've found a little boy! he's coming for you to look at to-morrow morning—he and his mother. Oh, John, he is so beautiful!"

Next morning, while they were at breakfast, Polly came in, not in the best of humors. "Here's the woman Keomi and the dirty little ragged boy with her!" Husband and wife looked at one another queerly. Polly stood silent and square with a defiant stare as if she would have said, "What next?" "Bring him in, Polly," said Mr. Dandelow. "What! both of 'em?" There was an ostentatious disgust and contempt in her face and the tone of her voice. Mrs. Dandelow kept her eyes fixed on her husband—her color went and came—she was in great agitation. He seemed as if he would not notice her. "We don't want the woman yet; bring in the boy!" Polly went out slowly; when she came back she dragged in "by the scruff of his neck" a ragged little savage of some five years old, with a mat of tangled black hair that hung over his brow, and an eye like a hawk's, that stared at you wildly, but had no more "speculation" in its orb than a hawk's has. It was a burning, glaring stare; as you moved, it followed you. Nay! it followed everybody as anybody moved, like an eye in a picture. The child showed no more curiosity, interest, fear, surprise, or any other emotion than if he had been cut out of wood or stone. He was dirty and ragged, but he was undeniably a very striking-looking child. Dandelow surveyed him as he would have done a young colt, speaking never a word. For a full minute there was a dead silence. "Trot him out, Polly!" Mr. Dandelow evidently for a moment had fallen into a dream that he was buying a pony. Polly led the little animal to the other end of the room, Dandelow signalling to her to place him near the window where the light was best. "Turn him round!" Polly obeyed. "Give him his head." She took her hand

off his collar. The child grinned at her and showed his white teeth. It was an impish, mocking grin, and Polly returned it by smacking her hands together as if to get rid of the filth of the touch of such as he, and by a loud "Phew!" Mr. Dandelow got up from his chair, went to the window, and turned the child round; then, looking down upon him not unkindly, said, "What's your name, boy?" "Lorry." "Lorry what!" "Lorry!" "What's your father's name?" "Dick!" "Where have you been living, boy?" "I ain't a been living nowhere—no more than you have!" Mr. Dandelow was brought to a stand by this unexpected retort. Was life really such a very suspicious condition of affairs? He did not know what to say next. At this point Mrs. Dandelow took heart of grace to interpose. "My dear," she said timidly, "do you know your letters yet? can you read?" "I ain't such a—little fool as that, missus!" "Oh, John, dear! mightn't we rescue him? Poor child! Poor child! It makes my heart bleed. Oh, John!" But Dandelow looked very grave.

There was a high-backed, cane-bottomed chair standing apart at the other end of the room. Suddenly, without the least warning, the dirty little imp made a dash at it. One moment his shock head was upon the cane seat, the next he had thrown himself over the tall back of the chair, and, lighting on his feet, stood mischievously grinning at the pair with arms akimbo. As he stood up a yard behind it, the chair was a good six inches higher than the top of his head. Mrs. Dandelow uttered a cry of alarm. Dandelow himself was struck with irrepressible admiration; he had a passion for all feats of dexterity and agility; his idolatry of physical strength he had inherited from his mother. "A weedy animal" in his vocabulary meant a man or brute who was undersized and puny, and the sight of such awoke the same feeling of disgust and aversion as is aroused in other men by the sight of foulness or leprosy. The cunning child, sly as a fox, saw he had produced an impression. "Do it again, guv'nor?" The old man's face relaxed. "Polly!" he called, "take out this rat!" The child was removed and in came the mother. She was a manifest gipsy, and manifestly she was very much down on her luck. She had had seven children; five were dead; one was "across the water;" this one was the last.

She looked a worn and battered old woman—she was really hardly thirty.

She and her rascal husband were in a wretched state of poverty. "The tribe," as she called them, had gone off "across the water," and left this pair behind to shift for themselves. They had sunk lower and lower — sunk to a wretched old donkey and a mean cart. The woman earned the scanty livelihood; the man sprawled, and cursed, and loafed, and pilfered, and lived — well! it was no wonder young Lorry repudiated the suspicion of being alive! The woman answered to the name of Keomi — she said they were *Smiths*. "Of course you're *Smiths*!" said Dandelow; "they're all *Smiths* — I've known enough of your people in my time; you're all *Smiths*, you *Romanays*." He spoke to her in a hard, harsh, bitter tone. "What's brought you down, eh?" She cringed and drewled out the usual whine; the county police had hunted them down; they were forced to move on; they were worried from place to place. Now they'd tramped along out of Dorsetshire; they'd come to see if the kind lady would help them across the water. They'd go, and gladly, if they could get the means. She'd thought that if the kind lady would take Lorry and give them a trifle, they'd leave the child with her and go — and so on, and so on. Dandelow kept his eye on her all the while with a sneer upon his face. How much did they want? "If your honor would give me a sovereign, maybe, to begin with!" "What would you do with it?" "Sew it up in halves, your honor, and come for another by-and-by! You see, if my man saw me without Lorry, he'd know I wouldn't ha' let him go for nothing. And then, your honor, he'd have it all, if there weren't two of 'em. But I could put him off with one of 'em, if there was two. It's tatty-pawny (spirits) he's wild for, that's where it is!" To make a short story of a long one, it ended by Dandelow's giving way. The *Smiths* disappeared, and the story went that, by some trickery of his own devising, Dandelow got the wretched pair off. Dick was carried, dead drunk, on board an emigrant vessel that sailed from Liverpool, and Keomi went with him. What became of them, nobody knew or cared.

Lorry, for all his precocious readiness of speech, was a child notwithstanding, and Mrs. Dandelow was infatuated. Her husband would look moodily at the boy from time to time and growl out, "I like quality, my lass! quality in man and beast. You can't trust to anything but quality! I don't like that breed! That's a stake that'll run into your hand some day and draw blood

— heart's blood. But you *would* have him, and I suppose you must!"

The boy improved with astonishing rapidity. Polly took him in hand as a keeper in a menagerie takes in hand a lion's cub. She didn't care for him, and there was no love lost between them. The truth is, he had no more heart than a hoop, and no more conscience than a snake; but he was infinitely guileful, impish, and treacherous. He was absolutely without fear. The nearest approach to it was the submission which he showed to Polly. His instinct recognized that with her he could never hope to have his way. When first she washed him from head to foot, he kicked and tore at her with teeth and *claws*, for he scratched viciously at her face. In her brisk, determined way she smacked him till he roared. Mrs. Dandelow's soft heart was moved, and she bade Polly let him go. Polly went on with her task notwithstanding. Polly was deputed to take him to a ready-made clothes-shop. Lorry was really pleased and proud. Next morning the washing began again, and the same scene began too. The child was furious as a wild beast. Polly bolted the door of the bedroom inside, and produced a piece of whipcord from her pocket, with which she proceeded to fasten Lorry's hands behind his back by tying his two little fingers tightly together. "I'll give in, you bawler!" (pig) he called to her. She cut the cord, and he was tamed from that moment.

After a while they took him to church and he was baptized by the name of Lawrence. Mrs. Dandelow coaxed and petted and indulged him in the silliest way. She began to teach him his letters. At the end of a week she whimpered and wept and surrendered him to Polly. The child again "gave in," and he learnt to read fairly well. But Polly could only just write her name, or very little more, so Lorry had to be sent to the village school. It was a good school, and the master was a firm and sensible man. The first day he was attracted by a sudden roar of laughter from all the children. Lorry had swarmed up to the open timbers of the roof like a monkey, and was running about along the beams like the rat that Dandelow had called him the first day he saw him. Mr. Jopling was a particularly calm and phlegmatic personage; he quietly tapped his desk. "Silence! Go on with your work there, children!" He went on as if nothing had happened. Seizing the situation at a glance, he walked round the desks, looking over the children's shoul-

ders, correcting their mistakes, marshalling some for the next lesson, keeping his eye upon the pupil teachers, looking perfectly unconcerned and grave, and betraying not the smallest interest in Lorry or his antics. After a few minutes Lorry slipped down in some unexplained way and dropped into his seat. There was, of course, a good deal of giggling and fidgeting which had to be repressed. Lorry bent over his pothooks, puzzled. When twelve o'clock came, the children filed out bench by bench. "Lawrence Smith, keep your seat," said the master in his usual tone. The child sat still and impassive. "Martha Doyle, ask Mrs. Jopling for the newspaper!" It was brought. "Now lock the doors and take the key in to Mrs. Jopling; she'll let you out." He opened his newspaper and took his seat at a desk immediately behind Lorry, and began leisurely reading the news. Only once was a single word spoken; Lorry began to loll about. "Sit up, boy! Do you hear? Sit up!" Lorry straightened his back and moved no more. One o'clock struck. Jopling doubled up his paper and rose. "It's dinner time. If you move an inch from where you are before I come back, I'll keep you there another hour." He returned a minute later with the key of the school, unlocked the door, and let the young urchin out without a word.

Lorry never told any one at home about this little escapade. It soon leaked out, however. When it got to be talked of, and Lorry heard Angus and Polly laughing at the story, he turned viciously upon Polly: "You bawler! you told him what to do; you're a blab; you told him I gave in; I'll be even with you some day when I'm strong enough!" The little monster was about seven years old at this time; he had been starved in infancy, and gave no signs of ever becoming big-built or muscular; but the suppleness of his whole frame was wonderful. "Blab! you double-jointed little clown!" she answered angrily; "I a blab? If I told secrets, you wouldn't be here; I tell tales? There's secrets here you'll never know, nor no one else, till day of judgment!" He stood and looked at her with quite a new intentness, and his face grew old as he stared. Polly was startled — frightened. "You're a devil, and no boy!" she gasped; "you're a devil! Why do you look like my old mistress?"

Lorry was, of course, wayward, fitful, troublesome at school; but he managed to learn some scraps of arithmetic with great difficulty, and to write a fierce,

blotchy scrawl. It was noticed that he had a formed hand almost as soon as he could write at all. His spelling was his own — he spelled as he liked. He played truant spasmodically — never, however, in bad weather. Sunshine acted upon him with a kind of intoxication. Other boys never liked him; they called him *Rat*, and there were moments when he resented being called by the name with a steady, malignant scowl, and sometimes a fight followed. But he never seemed to care for pain, and only thought of savagely mauling his opponent. He was careless about victory, so only that he could draw blood and leave his mark. He could climb any tree in the woods, would dash into the river in flood at a word, with his clothes on as often as not; but he had no pride, and was as utterly indifferent to praise or applause as he was to reproof or remonstrance. He had just entered his tenth year (as far as any one knew) when a travelling circus came to Croton. Mr. Dandelow had a child's love for a circus. Lorry should go — oh! that he should, and see the horse-riders and the clown and the trapeze! They talked about it all day long.

One odd fancy of Lorry's had sent old Dandelow into shouts of laughter a week after he had been "adopted" by the old couple. He called Mrs. Dandelow "Nancy." There was something so comical in it, that they both laughed, and could not recover their gravity. Lorry was sly enough to see they were tickled, and from that day he called the one "Nancy," and the other "John," and never could be brought to address them in any other way. Mr. Dandelow evidently did not like it when the novelty had passed; but though he "looked glum" now and then, he kept his own counsel. This wild creature was a fate to him — it had come upon him — chafing against it was useless; he submitted not always with a good grace, but he did submit. The circus came. Part of the attraction was the performance of two boys on the trapeze and other gymnastic displays. Lorry had been excited, even to shouts and continuous clappings by the horse-riding; but when the boys with their trainer came in, he sat bolt upright with parted lips and clenched fists, staring fixedly, watching their every movement; and as this or that feat came off, he gasped out a low "Hah!" as if relieved. The trainer was a middle-sized, brawny man, with a heavy, animal face, a deep chest, and long arms; the muscles, as usual

standing out in great lumps as he moved and tossed the boys about like playthings. The performance came to an end with the acrobatic display. Lorry was speechless — made no sign of applause — and, much to the alarm of Mrs. Dandelow, would take no supper, and sullenly slunk off to bed. Next morning was a holiday at school; Dandelow was at work at his bench and his lathe. Lorry stood by, watching him. Raising his eyes at a pause in his work, the old gentleman — of late his face had fallen a trifle, and the crow's-feet had deepened round the eyes, though there were no other indications of wear or incipient decay — noticed a peculiar expression upon the boy's face. "John!" he said, catching his breath, "won't you make me a trapeze?" The proposal squared with the whim that was passing in Mr. Dandelow's mind. Yes! Lorry should have a trapeze, and it should be set up in the barn that was never used except for storing fagots and lumber; but he must get a hint from "Signor Foscini and his gifted pupils," as the scamp was called in the advertisement; and as the circus was going to stay over another night, Dandelow put the pony in the trap, Lorry jumped up beside him, and in twenty minutes they had made a bargain with the acrobat to superintend the trapeze and bring "his gifted pupils" to give a private performance in the barn.

It will be enough to say that this fellow Fox — for that was his real name — was a low and brutal rogue, but a very shrewd one, with a remarkable gift of keeping out of scrapes and of leading other people into them. He had been for many years "engaged in the acrobatic profession, sir!" and boasted of having made the fortune of more performers on the tight-rope and trapeze than any other man in England. "You see, Mr. Dandelow," he said, as he was sipping his seventh tumbler, "Providence has bestowed upon me the gift of an eye! When a young gentleman has got a career before him, I see it at a glance. I make no doubt that that young gentleman there —" "Hold your tongue, man!" thundered Mr. Dandelow, as he brought down his flat hand upon the table. "Hold your tongue! Finish your drink and get out, all the pack of you! Polly, take the boy! Look sharp!" Lorry found himself in Polly's grip in a moment. Since the day of the whipcord he had never ventured to show the least resistance to her authority. Now he turned upon her like a wild cat and fastened his teeth in her arm. She grasped him by the throat

and pressed his windpipe; he was black in the face before he let go. It was all over in a minute — the house clear and the doors barred.

Five weeks or so after this scene Lorry vanished. Mrs. Dandelow was inconsolable. She would have the river dragged; she would set the county police at work; she would stir heaven and earth to find him, alive or dead. She sat rocking herself in her chair by the hour; all her good sense had left her. The neighbors round had not the smallest doubt but that she was bewitched. Dandelow for the first week or so showed a strange indifference. "Don't take on so, Nancy," he would say to her, "Lorry'll turn up again. He knows which side his bread's buttered. Don't you be afraid!" But week after week passed, and no Lorry — not a sign of him, not a trace of him. At last, worried and teased by his wife beyond endurance, he advertised and offered first twenty, then fifty pounds reward for the producing of Lorry. It must be admitted that there was only a single insertion of each of these advertisements; he would not be persuaded to do more. A year went by; the second spring had come. There were no tidings. At the Dandelows' things went on the same. There was just a shadow of disappointment that seemed to have fallen upon the pair. In his case I cannot help thinking that he found his wife had not proved all he expected. Then he was troubled by what may seem to many a very trifling matter, but which to him seemed a crisis in his life: he had to go to the dentist, and lost his first tooth. I dropped in to ask how he was; he was almost as ceremonious as usual, but his cordiality, I thought, was a little forced. When I expressed surprise at his never having had the tooth-ache before, a flash of the old pride and defiance came from him: "Dent de lion, mon cher! dent de lion! N'est-ce pas? I've cracked a peach-stone with my teeth before you were born, and eaten the kernel!"

But when the two appeared in church on Sunday, neighbors noticed that the years were telling upon him. "It's the mind as does it, you see. It's the mind as pulls you down, for all you hold your head up!" was the mysterious sentence of some village sage, and everybody took it up and repeated it. Before many days were over, everybody in the parish believed that the oracular dictum had proceeded from himself in the first instance. Polly was as silent as the grave. Though now a woman of five or six and thirty at

least, she had her suitors. For twenty years the lads had been running after her, but her lovers were always a great deal younger than herself. I have noticed that these masterful women, especially if their physical strength is conspicuous, have an overpowering attraction for boys and very young men. As Polly grew older, so did the age of her adorers; but she kept them all at a distance — she told them plainly she didn't care a straw for any man without an independence. The young fellows flitted about her, and by way of making an excuse for conversation, put leading questions as to what was going on. Polly laughed them to scorn — told them all sorts of wonderful tales, and threw up her chin in derision when they presumed to "bring her to book" as she called it. Angus was more easily pumped, but he had little to tell; his daughter, a girl of fifteen, was "Polly's maid" as the people called her, and she slept at her father's cottage near the stable. Polly wouldn't be bothered with having another bedroom in the house to think about.

March set in "with its usual severity;" there was a bitter, cruel north-easter, then a fall of snow; then a change for a day or two; then the north-easter again; then the snow again. Was there ever a more bitter time?

Shortly after his marriage Dandelow had knocked down a party wall, and thrown two small rooms into one, thus making a long, narrow, low bedroom, which was very warm and comfortably furnished. The bed was an enormous four-poster, as big as the great bed of Ware, and profusely draped, with a pile of mattresses and feather beds upon it, so high that they were dreadful. Half filling one end of the room stood a stained deal "press," as Mr. Dandelow called it. It was a vast receptacle, and Dandelow had made it with his own hands, and ornamented it with knobs and bobs and protuberances, which he had turned on his own lathe. There was a large collection of garments hanging in the press, which had four doors, and it was a fearful sight to see them thrown open, as Nancy was known to have done more than once in the pride of her heart, as she showed some neighbor over the house and, as if by chance, displayed the wealth of dresses hanging by the pegs, and the coats that John kept there, too, to put on spick and span at a moment's notice.

John Dandelow was a great deal fonder of creature comforts than he would have confessed. He would turn pityingly to

his wife, and say: "You see, she must have her tea good. Why shouldn't she, eh, Nancy? And she's a chilly soul, aren't you, Nancy? And there's no need to save coals, is there, Nancy?" Accordingly, there was a good fire kept burning in the Dandelows' bedroom for quite seven months in the year, and very warm, not to say close, it must have been for them. "It's a slow-combustion stove, you see," said Dandelow to me apologetically. "Which means," I replied, "that it will burn as much as you like to put upon it, if you give it time, eh?" He laughed, and began to talk French, as he was wont to do when he was pleased. Lately, as Mrs. Dandelow had been ailing — out of heart as she was, and desolate — the family prayers had been put on half an hour. The red prayer-book was brought in punctually at half past nine. "You wouldn't ha' thought that master would ha' done it, for *he* know'd better; but we'd always used to have a prayer for what master called 'the lost and the missing, and specially him.' That was all missus's doing. Whe-e-e-w! I warn't for saying Amen to that, any ways!"

One night, the snow still lying upon the ground, while they were at prayers, there was a sound of stealthy footsteps overhead. When they got up from their knees, Dandelow and his wife looked at one another. She was for going up-stairs at once. He, as if he had noticed nothing, gently held her back. "Come, lass, wait a bit to-night, and sit by me while I have my smoke. Another half-hour, for once, won't tire you. Come, let's have your company, do!" The good woman was in a tremor of joy at the invitation. "Oh, John! I'll stay till the end of the world, if you'll let me! But what was that strange noise up-stairs?" "Noise? What noise? Those plaguy rats are always at it; there's nothing for it but to poison 'em, and go away till the stink's all gone." She was so very happy at the moment that she accepted the interpretation without a remark. He went up-stairs, and came back in slippers and an old velvet shooting-jacket, all buttons and pockets. They chatted pleasantly; his cigar went out more than once. It was past eleven when he threw the end into the smouldering fire, and rose. "Why, John, it's like when we were first married, this is!"

Mr. Dandelow always went to the front door before going to bed, to take a look at the weather. "Why, what the mischief's this?" he shouted. Mrs. Dandelow ran out to him. The house had a

small hall, and a little vestibule serving as an entrance porch. His wife found him in the vestibule, staring with wondering eyes at a pole seven or eight feet long; it was painted white—at any rate, the two ends were; over about three feet of the middle of the pole some one had daubed a flaring pattern in all the colors of the rainbow. Dandelow took it up, stared, looked at his wife, opened the door again, and searched for footsteps. There was nothing. "How did this thing come here? It'd serve that hussy, Polly, right if I called her up, for she never locked the door to-night! What's the meaning of it?" No explanation being forthcoming, and the open door and the north-easter blowing across the snow having by this time made them both shudder with the cold, they went to bed like sensible people. The bedroom fire was very low; Dandelow emptied the scuttle into the grate, then poured some oil from an extinguished hand-lamp upon the coals, and drew down the blower. In a few moments there was a roar of flame. He watched it till he was sure the fire was going to burn, then hung his wife's dress and his own jacket upon their appointed pegs in his favorite press. It was close upon midnight before they were asleep. But, as he used to say of himself and Nancy, "We're a pair of us, we are; when we do go to sleep, we mean it!" The windows of the room were heavily curtained, and till they were undrawn the room was quite dark.

It was about six o'clock and the sun had not yet risen. Mrs. Dandelow began to be sleepily wakeful—if you know what that means. "John! are you awake?" "Well, suppose I am?" "John, I've had such an odd dream. I dreamed three times in the night that there was somebody snoring on purpose to vex you. Hark! John! Do draw up the blinds!" The fire had burnt itself out; there was no light coming from that. Dandelow, rubbing his eyes, slowly got himself out of bed, drew back the curtains, drew up the blinds; the twilight of the dawn streamed in upon the room. "What's that, John?" almost screamed his terrified wife. He made a dash at the door; it was locked as usual. He tore out the key, and, holding it in his hand, bent over what seemed a heap of his own clothes piled upon the hearthrug. "Why, the devil's in it!" he shouted. Rising as if by magic out of the heap of garments rose a head, covered with close-cropped red hair. It was the face of a boy of

twelve or thirteen, with nothing on but a set of soiled flesh-colored "tights" and a tawdry waistband covered with tinsel and spangles. At the same moment another head emerged from under the bed. It was the head of another boy. Dandelow stood facing the first with his back to the second; he had not seen the second, and the first intimation of its presence was by hearing behind him a voice calling out cheerily, "Billy! here's a rum go; oh! my golly!" Billy sat up, his eyes fixed on Dandelow, and broke out into peals of laughter. Then his eyes wandered to Mrs. Dandelow, who, with a voluminous nightcap on her head, was now sitting up in bed, the victim of half-a-dozen bewildering emotions. "Oh, my eye!" screamed Billy, "you are a rum old gal! Oh, my eye! there's a bonnet!" and he roared again. It all was the work of a moment; the next, Dandelow grimly bent over the boy Billy, and was proceeding to take away his *bed-clothes* from him, when the other boy crawled out from under the bed, turned a somersault, and stood before the old man in a theatrical attitude. "Morning, guv'nor! Have you forgot me, John?" It was Lorry.

He was dressed—if dressed at all—exactly as the other boy; he looked thin, haggard, and sallow, and had scarcely grown at all. Turning round to the bed, he arched one arm over his head and planted the other behind his back, and, bowing profoundly, cried in theatrical fashion, "My Nancy!" The poor woman fell back sobbing, and covered her face in the bed-clothes. Meanwhile Dandelow had rung the bell violently. Polly, rushing up-stairs at the summons, heard her master's voice calling out sternly, "Tell Angus to bring the trap round; look sharp!" "You won't send us off without breakfast, guv'nor?" whined the boy Billy. "Me and Lorry are a'most clem; look here!" He plucked off his girdle and displayed a dreadful hollow below the ribs. It was a gymnastic trick of the boy's. Polly was back again at the door. Dandelow had rapidly put on some clothes. Taking up a vast dressing-gown, he threw it over Billy, and the old shooting-jacket of the night before was tossed to Lorry. Then he opened the door. "Polly, give them as much as they can eat. Look out!"

The house was a two-storied house, with two large attics in the roof lighted with dormer windows; a low parapet was carried along the roof, and between this and the attic windows was a broad leaden

gutter, where the snow was apt to lodge in bad seasons, and whence it could be easily thrown over the parapet on to the ground outside. The *drop* was about five-and-twenty feet. Into one of the attics Polly conducted her prisoners; they seemed glad enough to follow her. They were no doubt hungry enough, and not much was said. Muffled up in Mr. Dandelow's garments, and with the delicious prospect of what Lorry called "a jolly blow-out," they did as they were told. There was little in the attic in the way of furniture—an iron bedstead, a washstand, a deal table, and a single chair. Lorry took the chair. Billy seated himself on the table.

What passed between Dandelow and his wife will never be known. He was in no hurry to dress himself, and when he appeared he was clean-shaven and as scrupulously neat as ever in his attire. While he was dressing, Polly had a fire lit in the attic, and sent her "maid" to get breakfast for the boys. Mrs. Dandelow came down very tearful and nervous. Just as she got into the back parlor, Angus drove out of the gate, and the pony dashed off at ten miles an hour. A horror came over her. "Where's he gone, John?" "Gone? Gone to Croton!"

Sounds of boisterous merriment reached them from the attic; the girl came down, giggling irrepressibly. The boys had been feasting till their spirits had quite returned. Polly had calculated on their not escaping as long as they were empty. Now she ran up-stairs to keep guard. There was a thin crust of snow upon the ground; it was very cold. The attics looked out on the front of the house. Mr. Dandelow was going through the ceremony of breakfast in the back parlor.

Suddenly a Pan-pipe, accompanied by a big drum, was heard. Tootle! tootle! tootle! Bomb! bomb! bomb! Everybody in the house that could get at a window was speedily looking out—even Mr. and Mrs. Dandelow. On the gravel in front a square of carpet had been spread, and upon it were five miserable dogs performing. Behind them was a burly fellow, well wrapped-up, a red comforter round his neck, working his head vigorously as he blew into his Pan-pipe, and flourishing his drumsticks, banging at his big drum with excessive energy. Dandelow was making his way to the door, when Polly uttered a cry. The next moment the boy Lorry was seen letting himself down by the creepers that grew up to the top of the house; in another moment he was off, and

the drummer was rapidly gathering up his dogs and his carpet, and preparing to go too. "Stop, you scoundrel!" cried Dandelow, and put his great foot down upon the carpet. The fellow glared at him defiantly. It was Signor Foscini, but a broken-down signor this time. "Who's a scoundrel? You go and slock away my 'prentices, do you? I'll have the law on you, see if I don't. You call yourself a gentleman, do you?" etc.

"Hook it, Billy! hook it!" screamed the voice of Lorry. He had swarmed up the old elm that grew by the gate—he knew every bough of it—and in mere excitement he was bounding from branch to branch like a squirrel. But Billy evidently funked that perilous descent—indeed, Polly had got him in her grip. Dandelow disdained to barter words with the showman. "Let that boy out of your clutches, man, and you may have the other. I'll let him off."

Foscini saw the chance of a deal. "Look ye here, master; I could have the law on you if I liked; you've been a-har-boring of stolen property, that's what you've been a-doing, and consortin' with thieves. That there's my pole; I'll sue you for damages in the exercise of my profession—leastways I could!" Dandelow had left the door wide open, and there stood the painted pole. Foscini's eye was fixed upon it. "Pole? take your pole, man!" Dandelow hurled it as if it had been a javelin. "You've got something left in that arm of yours yet, master, for all you are so old. Come down, Lorry! D'ye hear?" Bomb! bomb! bomb! The imp dropped from branch to branch, and stood up a yard from his master, perched on one leg and shouldering the other as if it had been a musket.

"Come back, Lorry! Come back! we'll forgive you everything. O Lord God, have pity on him! Come back, Lorry, come back!" Mrs. Dandelow was sobbing and wringing her hands; she made as if she would have rushed to him; her husband held her, looking, as Polly told me, "like thunder and lightning and rain and all."

"Beg pardin, missus, I'm that reasonable I'm willing to sacrifice my own interest and the career of the young *debutant* to oblige you. If that young woman"—by this time Polly too was at the door, keeping her hold upon the boy Billy—will let that other young gentlemen alone, you may have *Master* Lorry—if you can get him. Of course you'll not let me lose? That ain't fair!"

"Come back, Lorry! oh, come back!"

The cry of utmost agony would have touched the heart of a tiger. As far as that wild boy was concerned, the wail reached his ears; but as to his heart, it pierced vacuity. "We'll forgive you, Lorry! We'll take you back! Come home!" It was Dandelow's deep voice that spoke this time. This time there was no tenderness, only serious resolve that sounded like the solemn oath of a great promise.

Lorry returned to the attitude of "attention." Then he capered round the silent drum, postured and danced fantastically, seemed as if he were really going to throw himself into Mrs. Dandelow's arms, stopped dead within two yards of her, then proceeded to smack himself all over, ended by putting his left thumb to his nose and extending his fingers, then he put the other thumb to the little finger of his left hand. "Hook it, Billy!" he screamed. He sprang back and was gone.

Mrs. Dandelow faded away and we laid her in her grave. Dandelow proudly held up his head. Polly got to look savagely at people who seemed to be touching on the edge of what was a forbidden subject in the house, and was being forever talked of in every other house for miles round. Nearly three months had passed since Nancy's death, and her husband had not been seen outside his gate except on Sunday. Following his mother's example and carrying out his wife's wishes, he was always regularly at church. He would bow ceremoniously still, taking off his hat with a sweep as he left the churchyard, as though saluting people in general. To the wonder of all, one day, after walking to the morning service as usual, he drove to church in the afternoon with Angus at his side. In the course of the week I called to see him. There was a stranger sitting with him, a "gentleman from London" as our rustics would say, "the family solicitor," as Mr. Dandelow described him when he introduced us. "Ah! mais c'est drôle. Voici le bienvenu." It was a long time since I had heard him speak French. It was explained that two signatures were wanted. Angus's would do. Who should be the second witness? "This gentleman cannot sign, as I have explained to you," said the solicitor. There was an awkwardness. "Tush! Mr. Dandelow!" I cried laughingly, "I'll risk the loss, whatever it is; I'll sign!" The solicitor shook his head. "There's no risk in trusting Mr. Norton," said Dandelow. "Ah! but for Miss Battle?" "What,

doubt Polly?" I cried. The will was executed, and I signed as witness.

A few weeks later Mr. Dandelow tripped against the carpet in his bedroom and fell forward; he held a small paraffin lamp in his hand, the glass broke, there was an explosion, and Dandelow was severely burnt about the throat and chest. Things took a serious turn. Meeting the doctor at the gate one afternoon, and seeing his anxious look, I asked what he was afraid of. "There's been a great shock to the system, and I'm afraid of erysipelas setting in." Incredible as it may seem, Polly had actually taken the old giant in her arms that afternoon and carried him to his bed. She had undressed him as if he had been a baby; he looked like the ghost of his old self.

He saw how grave I was. "Yes," he said, "I shall not be long before I know all about it—all about it—all about it." Was he wandering? No! "I've been a coward and a thief. I never thought that could be said of me, but it's true. Nancy'd have been ashamed of me if she'd known!" I signalled to Polly to leave the room. By this time we two perfectly understood one another. Left alone with Mr. Dandelow, he became much agitated. At last he said abruptly to me, "Open that little drawer! The chain had broken two or three times before; it was worn so bad; the last time I tied it together with thread; it was burnt off my neck the other day, and dropped on the ground. Polly never saw it. Take it out!" It was a large golden locket in the shape of a heart, to which was attached a light gold chain of peculiar workmanship. Both locket and chain were much worn, inasmuch that the inscription which had once been carved on it was entirely undecipherable. On the other side there were traces of a foreign coronet. Mr. Dandelow placed it in my hands.

"There! I stole it! When I came back to my mother, she told me it was to be buried with her; she had worn it round her neck night and day for nearly seventy years. I didn't promise. I wanted to find it all out. She thought I'd promised. I thought—though there was no picture of him—his hair might help me to find out something. She never would tell me about my father. Sometimes it was as if the Dukkerim, that the Romaney thieves used to talk about, had got hold of me. I swore I'd wear the thing as she did, now I'd got it. When the flame burnt it off my throat, I knew what that meant. He wouldn't rise from the dead for all

my hankering, and she, if she had risen up too, she wouldn't have told me. I'm going to set myself straight with them soon. Put the thing in my coffin with your own hands. Will you? Let me hear you say you will!"

I spoke gently and tenderly to him — was for leaving him, dreading the effect of his emotion — but he held me back. "There's another thing! She told me to keep the letter-box — there were tidings there, she said. She would have me read them all, and then burn them." He paused, and could not bring himself to go on. I endeavored to reassure him — told him I would do whatever he enjoined; said he might live for years yet; advised him to wait till he got better, then he might nerve himself to do as his mother had asked him to do. I fear I relapsed into platitudes. He shook his head again and again. "I've never dared — I've never had the heart to open the box. I was afraid. I couldn't open it now — I daren't. Take them! Read them for me, then come and tell me what they say, and set me straight with —" He stopped again, and went on shaking his head, quite unmanned.

"Friend!" I said, "do you remember our bargain when Mrs. Dandelow was buried?" He looked full at me and then dropped his eyes. There was a wonderful dignity and nobility about his expression when he spoke again. "I was coming to that last," he said firmly. "As to Lorry, I'm sure of this — that boy hadn't a soul. I hated him like hell till that came into my mind — I'm sure it's true; I'm as sure as I am lying here. And I've no grudge against him now, — poor boy! poor boy! What's come of him? But if he stood where you sit now, I'd kiss him to show him I'd help him if I could. Our bargain's off. You may call in Polly, if you will, and we'll have the *Pater Noster*." He followed me aloud, clause by clause, Polly responding too, tremulously: "As we forgive them that trespass against us." His voice rose to emphasize the words; he ended with a deep "Amen." He showed Polly where the precious box was; a rusty key was in it, which he had never had the courage to turn. I carried it away with me. It was a box of foreign make, about nine inches long and six wide, and perhaps six inches deep. It was made of the stained pearwood, so common in Swiss ware.

It was late before I found myself alone. I set the box before me on the table. I had to struggle with myself for some minutes before I could overcome my reluc-

tance to turn the rusty key; the lid moved stiffly on the hinges. The box was quite full of letters; lying on the top of them was a sheet of note-paper of modern make. It was unfolded. On it was written, in a woman's hand, the following lines: —

It was false that Mahalia and her baby died of small-pox. She lived more than twenty years after you left me. Your son is now in Pittsburg. He has prospered. I sent him away with all his gipsy kindred eleven years ago. His eldest daughter, Keomi, alone remains behind. She would not leave her husband, and your son would not have him. It was not I who deceived you; I was myself deceived. When the truth came to me, there was nothing that you could do. I did my best to spare you.

There was no date and no signature. I took out the letters and laid them in a heap upon the table. They were written on foreign paper and all written in French. Very few of them were dated, so far as to specify the year, but one had come from the Hague in 1803, and far the larger number had been sent from Java a year or two later. I think there were none sent after 1805. About that year I believe the writer had died. The letters were all signed D., and always sealed with a water. There was hardly anything in the whole correspondence which threw any light upon Mrs. Dandelow's story. It was clear that the writer had never seen his and her child when — for some unexplained reason — he had been separated from her; clear too that he felt a deep resentment against some one who had compassed his exile because he would not give up the woman he had loved so passionately; clear that he was consumed by a fierce and continual longing to return to her and to see his boy, whom he mentioned again and again. I cannot doubt that he died at his post, wherever that was, and I infer from one allusion in the letters that the provision made for Mrs. Dandelow and her son came from him, whoever he may have been. I have a strong suspicion — which, however, must be taken for no more than its worth — that the writer of the letters was a scion of some Dutch or Flemish family of position, and perhaps of high rank.

Under all the letters there lay a small packet wrapped up in tissue paper, and tied round with a piece of black ribbon. On it was written, in what I believe was Mrs. Dandelow's hand, "*These I got from your son before he sailed to America.*"

The packet contained two documents. One was a copy of the "marriage lines" of

John Dandelow and Mahalia Hodge, which had been celebrated on the 6th of June, 1821; there is no need to say where. The other was a warrant dated two months later, and signed by a magistrate for the county of A., for the apprehension of John Dandelow on a charge of causing the death of Mike Hodge.

The certificate of marriage was enclosed in a small bag; it was much creased and soiled, and had evidently been carried on some one's person for years. The warrant I think must have been kept in a pocketbook; the constable, or whoever it was to whom it had been issued in the first instance, had guarded it vigilantly, and, as I conjecture, biding his time till he could get a chance of serving it; using it in the mean while as an instrument by means of which he might levy blackmail upon Mrs. Dandelow.

I had been reading the letters for six consecutive hours before I came to the end of my task, though they were fairly legible and not more than twenty or thirty in number. I replaced them in the box. The lid stood open. The sun had risen. I threw myself back in my chair and stared vacantly at the table before me, trying to think, then I fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The servant coming in to open the shutters awoke me. I shut the box, took out the key, and went to bed. They let me sleep on heavily for hours. It was ten o'clock before I came down. One whose tact and wisdom never fails asked me no questions. Only once she placed her hand gently on my shoulder, and looked inquiringly into my face. I felt, and I was, stupefied. Had I any right to conceal this thing from Dandelow? How could I tell him? What good could come of it? The hours went by. At last I took my hat and walked rapidly along the road, utterly incapable of seeing what the right course was for me to pursue. When I reached Mr. Dandelow's, Polly had already opened the door for me. She looked as dazed as I felt myself to be. In a tone of reproach she said to me, "You should have come before, sir; he wanted you. You're too late now—he's dead!"

By Mr. Dandelow's will everything was left to Polly with the exception of some few bequests to friends whose very names were strange to us, and who were found out only by the help of Mr. Norton. There was one legacy of fifty pounds "to the boy Lawrence Smith, whom God sent

to my late wife to vex her." The money was left in the hands of Polly to be used for the boy's advantage or furtherance in life, but absolutely at her discretion. The legacy proved to be a lapsed legacy. When inquiry was made as to what had become of Lorry, it turned out that he had died in the accident-ward of a certain hospital on the very day and almost at the very hour when the will was executed. He had received some internal injuries from a dreadful fall during a performance, and never rallied. Polly handed the money to Angus: "It'll do you no good, I'm thinking. But you may have it—phew!"

Polly Battle has changed her name, but not for that of her husband. She has no husband, and vows she never will have. "Bless you! I don't want any one to take care of me. I can take care of myself, I suppose," she said to me the last time we met, when I was staying at her very well-managed hotel, where I dare say some of my readers will be staying when they read this half-told story.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Temple Bar.

HANDEL:

HIS EARLY YEARS.

FAIRY tales are bound to begin with: There was once upon a time a fair princess with golden hair and violet eyes, etc. And if you do not begin in this strain you revolt against the tyrant of life, habit. Children will not be told a story unless it is told in this fashion. Big children will not be told a biography or even a sketch of a great man's life unless it begins thus: George Frederic Handel was born in the year 1685, on February 23. He would therefore be two hundred and four years old if he were now alive. Unfortunately, however great a man may be, he sometimes dies before such an age can be attained. His birthplace was Halle in Saxony; his father, a surgeon, was sixty-three years old when he was blessed by the birth of our hero. Strange to say, nothing was more distasteful to the old gentleman than music, and he, terrified to discover that his little boy as he grew up showed a strong inclination for music, resolved to resort to the most stringent measures to keep all music and musical instruments out of his son's way, and kept him even from school, that he should not be taught music there. The

unusual energy and inflexible will for which Handel was well known in after life showed themselves, however, in his childhood, for, when he was but seven years old, he contrived, by the help of his mother and a friendly nurse, to get a little harpsichord up a garret in his father's house there to practise all to himself. Again, when his father refused to take the child with him on a journey to a son of a previous marriage, the little boy watched for the departure of the carriage, and running by a short cut, contrived to overtake the vehicle, and so earnestly begged his father would allow him to share his company, that he gained his object and was permitted to journey with his parent. The relative they were going to see being in the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, little George was admitted to the service in the private chapel, where he found means to creep up to the organ and in his own fashion to play so originally that the duke's attention was drawn to him, and so amazed was he to see a mere child organist that he sent for the father, and there and then overcame the surgeon's determination to make a lawyer and not a musician of his son, and from that moment Handel's regular musical studies began.

I need not tell the intelligent reader that there is nothing new to be said about so well-known a name as Handel, but since an attempt has been made in so many languages to write his biography, I hope that taking the most interesting parts of each of them, I may be able to give some facts as yet unknown to him. I cannot suppress the remark that, while the Germans are dreadfully particular as to completeness, and for that purpose cram their books with innumerable and often quite uninteresting details, yet it must be conceded to them that what they do state as a fact is a fact; and though they go into unnecessary depth and expand into unnecessary breath, you can rely upon what they say. Not so with French people, less still with Belgians. I have seen a work on Handel by a Frenchman, published only a very few years ago, where in the most innocent manner the author declares that he writes a life of Handel, because "there is none to be found in French, English, or German"! And he calls his hero Frideric, probably to show that he will not use the French name Frédéric, but the German, which by the bye, is Friedrich, so that Frideric is entirely the work of his florid imagination.

It is curious that Handel's father, after

having married a widow more than ten years older than himself, a year after her death, when he was sixty-one years old, married again. This second wife was twenty-eight years younger than he (she was thirty-three). Two years later she became the mother of George Frederic Handel.

The first works mentioned of Handel are ten sonatas for two hautboys and a bassoon. He was then ten years old, and one year after this his master, Zachau, declared to his father that, although only eleven years old, he knew as much as his master and that he could teach him no more. Handel nevertheless continued studying and writing, copying old masters' works and learning from that exercise. He was then sent to Berlin, where he made the acquaintance of Buononcini, whom in later days he was to meet again in London, and with whom he had the same troubles of competition, the same excitement in public, and the same division of parties, *pro* and *con*, as in Paris had the Gluckists and Piccinists. This musical strife so enraged Addison that he ridiculed "Rinaldo," Handel's first opera given in London, on February 24th, 1711, Handel being then in his twenty-sixth year and having written the opera in *fourteen days*. Dean Swift's epigram anent the contentions between the two composers is well known:—

Some say that Signor Bononcini
Compared to Handel is a ninny,
Whilst others say that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle;
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

Is it not very strange that about the same time Lessing, the great German poet (1729-1781), should have written very nearly the same kind of verses?—

Hilf Himmel welche Zänkerei
Um Didldum und Diddlei!

Regret has been expressed by some of Handel's biographers that as a boy he was not sent to some Jesuit gymnasium in Austria. They are useful institutions. People say that Jesuits are the very picture of the self-sacrificing abnegation of the true priest. Any one who knows them, and, for the matter of that, other priests in Rome, will judge for himself how far they are entitled to such praise. It always struck me that priests, like every mortal being, live in abstinence when they are so poor that misery is less their choice than their unavoidable fate. When they are rich, cardinals or arch-

bishops, you will perhaps see them practise abstinence and abnegation a little more in words than in fact. So far as I could judge *de visu*, a rich cardinal has the same palace, show of servants, quantity of rich *objets de vertu*, as many and as tasteful as Sir Richard Wallace, who does not pose exactly for misery. I must say that all the Jesuits whom I have known are the most deeply instructed, most diplomatically courteous and amiable people one can wish to meet with. That abnegation is not invariably their guiding principle, the instance of young Gluck may show: who, when he could not pay his fees, was very simply and unceremoniously told, "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse."

Having mentioned the opera "Rinaldo," which was sketched from Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," by Aaron Hill, director of the Haymarket Theatre, and re-translated into Italian by Rossi, I may as well say that the financial success of the opera was such, that Walsh, the music publisher, made £1,500 by the sale of it. When he wrote to Handel to be sure and let him have his next opera, Handel sent him the following witty reply: "As it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, *you* shall compose the next opera, and *I* will sell it."

Handel's father died when his son was twelve years old (1696), leaving twenty-eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. In remembrance of his father's wish young Frederic studied law until his seventeenth year, when suddenly he took to travelling, saw Italy, composed there opera after opera, until, as we have seen, he arrived in London, and wrote his successful opera "Rinaldo" here. That, after the great sensation this work created, many friends should have advised him to stay in England, is not surprising, but being under an engagement with the elector of Hanover (afterwards George I.), he left, after having been received in audience by Queen Anne, who gave him valuable presents, and expressed a wish to see him again.

So, in 1712, Handel returned to England. The Peace of Utrecht being concluded, Queen Anne commanded Handel to compose a Te Deum and Jubilate, and settled upon him an annual pension of £200. She died in August, 1714, and in September of the same year the king arrived in London, very cross with Handel for not keeping his word to return to Hanover after a "reasonable stay" in England, for such had been his permission

of leave. But what is reasonable? You allow a man a reasonable income, and you may think that on five pounds a week a man need not starve. But there are people who consider it reasonable to take a daily drive in a carriage with four springs and two thoroughbred horses; and those will perhaps not go very far on five pounds a week. Handel thought it reasonable to stay as long as he liked, but being of very different opinion the king would perhaps never have forgiven him, had not Baron Kilmansegg, a personal friend, undertaken through a clever expedient to bring about a reconciliation. He caused Handel to write some music to be executed during a water-party in a barge following that of the king himself, which so enchanted the king, that he allowed the baron on a subsequent occasion to bring Handel to court to accompany the great violinist, Geminiani, when he not only forgave Handel, but settled upon him a pension of £200 in addition to the pension granted by Queen Anne.

Rossini, who had always *le mot pour rire*, used to say: "In olden time they used to compose music for the brain and for the ears; but it seems to me that, nowadays, people are quite content when the thing *looks* well." This, I feel confident, was often his guiding opinion. For instance, when Meyerbeer gave "The Huguenots," his lawyer and *cordellionnaire* Crémieux gave a luncheon, where he invited some influential friends to meet Meyerbeer. Rossini, one of the guests, ate nothing. Madame Crémieux, with the lynx eye of any hostess who has people round her table invited for a meal, suddenly pounced upon her abstemious guest with that question which every lady imagines must go straight to the heart of her guests: "I am sure, Monsieur Rossini, you don't like that dish; one cannot easily please such a fine *connoisseur* as you are."

"Pardon, madame, that is not at all the reason, but I never eat between my breakfast and my dinner." Of course you will ask me why then did I come to a luncheon party? I will tell you. The other day I was invited to hear a performance of my 'William Tell' overture. At the moment where the allegro begins, I saw two men in the band putting their trumpets up, but I could not, for the life of me, hear one note; so I asked the manager why they did not play. 'Oh, that is very simple,' he said; 'I could not get two trumpeters, but I thought I'd get some men to hold up the trumpet. It always looks well to see trumpets in an orchestra; but, of course,

as they can't play, you can't hear them.' Now, I can't eat any more than they could play; but as Meyerbeer, who is so superstitious, would have taken it for a bad omen if I had sent an excuse, I thought I would just sit behind my plate, because it looks well to have old friends sit round one's table."

It is true that Handel only wrote one work in German, but not, as has been alleged, that he wrote only one work in Germany, "Die Passion." He wrote two operas, "Almira" and "Nero," both performed in Hamburg in 1705, when he was twenty years old. He was so independent that when his mother, who lived in Halle, thinking that her boy (in 1703 eighteen years old) might be in rather straitened circumstances, sent him, for Christmas, a little money, he by return of post sent it back, adding even a little present to show that he was quite able to support himself. I think I should have mentioned that Handel called "Almira" and "Nero" *Singspiele*, not operas; the German expression just quoted corresponding with what the French call *opéra comique*, which is by no means necessarily a comic opera. Great composers were at that time not overpaid, and Handel in 1705, and in both the preceding and the following year, gave piano and harmony lessons for one pound (sometimes for sixteen shillings) per month. And from this scanty income he accumulated economies to the tune of one thousand francs (£40) in three years; and thus was enabled to make the journey to Italy and hear what the musicians there could do. It was during his sojourn in "that blessed garden of Europe" that his double opera, "Florimond and Daphne," was given at Hamburg by the new manager Sauerbrey. Handel's journey to Italy was another proof of his independence, for Prince Gaston dei Medici, brother to the famous Prince Ferdinando, offered to take him free of expense, but Handel refused, preferring to be his own master. I only just mention his quarrel with Matheson, which led to a duel with a harmless ending and reconciliation of the two friends, because it has been exaggerated into an attempted assassination. It was the same Matheson who travelled with him to Lubeck, where they competed for the place of organist; but when they heard that one of the conditions was that the successful organist should espouse the daughter of the old organist they both fled, a sad compliment to the lady's charms.

Power of will is one of the principal

qualities we have to look for in Handel. Is power beauty, as strength is grace? It may be in some sense, but certainly not always. For instance, Gilbert Duprez, the great French tenor, was in his voice as well as in his appearance a very model of power; short, thick-set, as tenors so often are, he was created for the part of Samson, but as to his beauty, the following little story will enlighten the reader. Duprez once walked away from the Grand Opéra with the baritone, Baroilhet, who was not an Apollo either. Whom should they happen to meet but Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin, and ugly to such an extent that a manager, whom I do not wish to name, said to him he could never engage him unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological garden), as he engaged no monkeys. Perrot told them the story, and when Duprez laughed at him, Perrot said, "Why, surely you need not laugh; if I am ugly, I am certainly not so ugly as either of you." "You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled," and seeing a gentleman pass whom he had never known, but who appeared to be a well-bred man, "Monsieur," said he, "will you be so good as to make the umpire in a little difference of opinion between us?" "With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can." "Well," said Duprez, "just look at us, and say whom you consider to be the plainest of the three?" The gentleman looked quietly and pensively for some time from one to the other, and then he said, "Gentlemen, I give it up; I cannot possibly decide;" and he went off roaring with laughter.

Handel's fame as an improvisator and clavecinist was such, that when he arrived in Italy and went *incognito* to Venice, that is, masked and disguised, to a fancy ball, the moment he played on the harpsichord, and Scarlatti heard him, he exclaimed, "This must be either the famous Saxon, or the devil himself." If improvising is composing, composing is with some masters of a genius comparable to that of Handel improvising; at any rate, we cannot call composing in such rapidity otherwise. I mentioned "Rinaldo," but it is still more astonishing to learn that he wrote "Israel in Egypt," in my humble opinion his finest oratorio, which is tantamount to saying the finest oratorio ever written, in twenty-seven days, and the "Messiah," the world-famed "Messiah," in twenty-three days. Taking into account the number of choruses in the first-named oratorio, the mere rapidity of

committing so many notes to paper in the time, is stupefying. And, will it be believed? "Israel in Egypt" *failed entirely* when first performed.

It is well known that Handel wrote the first part of the "Messiah" in seven days, the second in nine days; and the third in six days; taking another day for touching up the scoring; and he was then fifty-six years old.

The beginning of the last century was the time when Italy was thought the acme of civilization, the country where alone you could study art in its highest cultivation — music, poetry, painting, sculpture. Handel went in the beginning of 1707 to Rome — he was then twenty-two years old — to hear, just as young Mozart did when a mere child, the famous "Miserere of Allegri," in the Sistine Chapel, performed by the private singers of the pope. I do not know whether the ideas of people in olden times were more restricted, and they were therefore much less exacting and easier satisfied than our contemporaries, but I am bound to say that if the composition of Allegri and the singing of the castrati could give them pleasure, they were not spoiled indeed. It does not appear that Handel was very deeply impressed or inspired either by that music, for what he composed during his sojourn in Rome belongs to the most ineffectual of his work. He was driven from Rome, where he was imprudent enough to stay until the month of July, by the malaria and fear of fever.

He went to Florence, and this epoch of his life offers not only the interest that he there wrote his opera, "Rodrigo," but he seems to have made a most passionate impression on the heart of one of the most talented, amiable, and handsome singers, Vittoria Tesi. Whether he responded in any measure whatever to that passion is not known, but it is certain that he had no serious thought in the matter, because he soon left for Venice, where he wrote "Agrippina," and when slyly questioned with regard to his "Vittoria" (victory), he simply answered that the only woman he loved in this world was his Muse. This opera, "Agrippina," which had what at the time was considered great success, viz., twenty-seven performances, was by some esteemed a noisy innovation, whereas the recent publisher of Handel's works in this city perpetually adds brass to his scores. Mozart did this for Handel in the last century, though he had been judged noisy already. So was Rossini called *Il Signor Vacarmini*. What would

those good people have said could they have heard an opera of Verdi or Wagner? For at a rehearsal of a Verdi opera it once happened that they had to stop a moment because the big drum could not go on without a little rest, whereas Wagner had a series of new brass instruments especially manufactured for his operas.

Handel returned after his Venice triumph to Rome, where he lived at the Marquis Ruspoli's house, and there composed an oratorio, to which I wish to draw the reader's attention, for a particular reason. The name is "La Resurrezione," containing two superb choruses and arias, taken — where from do you think? From his opera "Agrippina." Rossini said, "With regard to music, I know only two kinds: La bonne et la mauvaise." Of this opinion Handel must have been too, when you take into consideration the use he made of his "Agrippina" airs.

Having for his librettists the cardinals Ottoboni and Pamphili, it will readily be understood that he gained without difficulty the ear of the public. In that time too, he wrote "Il Trionfo del Tempo," which is more a work of curiosity and interesting instrumentation than of commanding grandeur, and I only mention it because it is now understood to belong to his oratorios, whereas at the time it was called "Serenata," as it had not Biblical words.

Beethoven — and it must be conceded that he had every right to be vain, conceited, and what not — never took the trouble to hide his feelings, and when his ire was aroused — and that is with men of genius more easily done than to allay it — he expressed himself very clearly indeed. Thus you may see at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where they are now forming a sort of Beethoven Museum like the Mozarteum at Salzburg, a sketch of a *château* in nether Austria, where a few years before his death Beethoven used to compose. It belonged to Beethoven's brother, a chemist, who had made some money, and was rather fond of displaying his wealth. This brother called upon Beethoven and left a card, upon which he had engraved his name, "Jean von Beethoven, landed proprietor." This innocent vanity so enraged Beethoven that he returned the call upon his brother when he knew he would not be at home, and left his card: "Louis von Beethoven, brain-proprietor."

The French writer whom I have quoted in the beginning of this sketch mentions a great *embarras* into which he fell whilst reading an English book. He says that

he cannot make out the name of the pope to whom Handel was introduced, as there is to his knowledge no Pope Gay in the world. The joke is that what the book says is that Handel lived for three years with Lord Burlington, and was there introduced to Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot.

The unfortunate idea which has ruined so many people during both the last and this century, the ambition to be appointed director of the Italian Opera, seized hold of Handel, and it swallowed a fortune. To help him, the king was the first to contribute £1,000, but it cost Handel not only £10,000 (all his savings), but in order not to remain behind with the artists' salaries, he gave them bonds which afterwards were duly and honorably paid. Care and excitement led to a paralytic stroke, and he temporarily lost the use of one side. This is not surprising in a man of his fiery temperament and overheated blood.

Signora Cuzzoni, the great prima-donna of his opera troupe, once sent him back an air which he had written for her, saying that she could make no effect with it. Handel, instantly enraged, is said to have run to her house with the manuscript in his hand, and — I will not vouch for the words — to have said to her, "You too, you will not sing my air — do I not know better what is good for you — you are the devil, but I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils, and I will vanquish you." Which saying, he caught Madame Cuzzoni round the waist, and, being of proverbial Herculean strength, carried her to the window and shouted in infuriated tones, "You want a fresh air? I will give you fresh air, for if you will not sing my air as I wrote it, I will throw you out in the street from this window. Will you swear or not, you will sing?" I don't know whether prima-donnas were spoiled at that time as they are now, but I scarcely imagine that to have been the right way to conciliate this one's friendship, for, at the first opportunity, when enemies and rivals of Handel's theatre founded another opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Signora Cuzzoni, remembering the fresh air he had made her take at the window, seceded and passed over to the enemy.

Without being overbearing, Handel knew his own value quite well. But as to proud self-confidence other great men, such as Beethoven and Victor Hugo, met in a certain sense on the same path. The former committed somewhere what a small soul of a pedant pointed out as a harmony mistake — consecutive fifths. "What of

it?" said Beethoven. "Fifths are forbidden? Well, then, I permit them." In the same way Victor Hugo, when reading a piece before the committee of the Comédie Française, indulged in a phrase of not exactly strict grammar. One of those insects whom nothing makes so happy as to discover a mote in a friend's eye, busily got up and said: "Would you mind one humble observation, sir?" "What is it?" asked Victor Hugo, with majestic superiority. "This phrase seems to me not entirely French." "*Elle le sera*," replied Victor Hugo, with the same pride as Beethoven.

Handel was what was then called a pianist, the condition of the instrument a hundred and thirty years ago being rather restricted, and he was a great organist. His proficiency on the organ must have been undoubtedly very great, because Domenico Scarlatti, the son of the great Alessandro Scarlatti, when asked by Cardinal Ottoboni to play against Handel a sort of musical duel, confessed that "he had not imagined that it was possible for any man to play the organ as Handel did." It is even said that whenever anybody complimented Scarlatti on his organ-playing he invariably replied: "What am I compared with Handel?" And devoutly he crossed himself whenever he pronounced the name of the *gran Sassone*.

I beg permission to diverge for a moment. We are continually comparing our singers with those of the grand old times, and we find that the eagerness to make money, and to get that with all possible speed, prevents our singers from studying so much as they did in the last and in the beginning of this century. But without undertaking to explain the cause, the fact is that voices such as they existed at Handel's time cannot easily be found now. Handel wrote in the well-known "Acis and Galatea" for a singer who undertook the part of Polifemo an aria with an extent of *two octaves and a fifth*; and another air ("Nell' Africane selve") had an extent of one whole tone more. When Handel gave his opera "Rinaldo" here, he inserted this grand air of Polifemo, note for note, and made Signor Boschi, for whom it was composed, come here from Naples and sing it in the opera.

Various opinions have been expressed at all times about great men's works, but were they always opinions of real judges? A Chevalier de Castellux, a perfect ignoramus, pretended to discuss the merits of Gluck and Piccini with the Marquis de Clermont, a great friend and admirer of

Gluck's Muse, but the latter replied: "I will sing you an air, and if you are capable of beating correct time to it, I will discuss Gluck with you."

It has often been asserted that Handel took other people's melodies and gave them out for his own. Apart from the slight objection to this assertion, viz., that it is not true, there are some melodies which he has avowedly taken, and those he has himself freely designated. "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a series of variations on a very simple *motif*, which he pretended to have heard a blacksmith singing when rain obliged Handel to seek shelter in the workshop; and the "Pastoral Symphony" which he put in his "Messiah," and which is a repetition of a melody played on Italian bagpipes about Christmas time, and which he indicated by writing over the melody "Pifa," which means Pifferari, are among these.

Thomas Britton, a man to whom Handel was in the habit of going to play the harpsichord and the organ, before the famous beauty, the Duchess of Queensberry, and a select circle of distinguished people, was a man who carried on his back small coal which he sold in the street; he by degrees increased his trade, and taught himself without any help to play the viol di gamba and the piano so well that people ran to hear him; by-and-by several musical artists joined him, Handel among others. He established a music-room over his coal-cellar, by dividing it horizontally, leaving the lower part for his trade and making the new ceiling serve as the floor of his music-room, which was so low that one could barely stand upright therein, and in that locality the best society of London met the most distinguished performers of the day, and there it was that the best music was heard. When the "small-coal man" died, he left a superb collection of MSS. and the two instruments above mentioned. One of the most remarkable circumstances concerning this remarkable man, was, that he, whose only portrait represents him with a soft hat and a blouse, had numbers of friends and not an enemy. How many patrons of art of the present day can say as much?

In a work published in 1799 a remark occurs which we might copy to-day with equal propriety. "Italian opera," says the author of "Anecdotes of Handel's Life," "it is clearly ascertained, without considerable subscriptions and strenuous exertions, can never be advantageously maintained in London." This remark was made when Handel was ruined the moment

a rival opera-house was opened, while the other house did no good business either. It has happened in London year after year that the struggle of two, once even three, Italian operas, led only to the disaster of all concerned. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Handel left opera composing altogether, and began the grand career in which he won immortal fame and glory—the oratorio. And although he wrote his first oratorio in 1720, when he was thirty-five years old, and had already composed no less than forty-one operas, he wrote on to his sixty-sixth year, composing sixteen oratorios, which, after nearly a hundred and fifty years, still possess the greatest drawing power in our concert-rooms.

It is a well-known fact that Gluck wrote his best operas after he was sixty years old, so that the last years of his life saw his most glorious works. If Rossini had not stopped writing after producing "William Tell," when he was thirty-seven years old, what masterpieces might he not have given to the world! But he would not be persuaded into leaving his adored idleness. Count Aguado, the distinguished Spanish banker and amateur, a short time after the success of "William Tell," wrote to Rossini, who then lived in Bologna, asking him to compose a new work, and to allow the count to send him a libretto; Rossini to fill out a blank cheque, which Count Aguado would be happy to sign the moment his score was written. For two weeks no answer came, but then a letter arrived marked "Immediate," in which Rossini announced a parcel to be on its way to Paris, which the Count fully expected to be the warmly desired score. Great was his surprise when he read the following lines: "Monsieur le Comte, I have the honor to announce to you that by this day's post I have forwarded to your address in Paris a parcel containing what cost me much reflection and care, a mortadella of the finest description, together with one of the best Bolognese sausages. There is only just a *souffçon* of garlic in it, and I hope you will find it to your taste, and remember your ever devoted friend, Gioachino Rossini." Of the demanded score not a word was said then or ever after.

I mentioned that Handel said he loved no female but the Muse. I am enabled, in the interest of truth, to mention this because, being a handsome man (usually the most important factor with marriageable ladies), and celebrated even in his youth, he came twice very near the sacred bond of marriage. Once a young lady,

madly in love with him, told her father that, come what may, she would marry this man only and no other. Unfortunately, the father in Handel's hearing declared that, so long as he lived, his daughter should not marry a fiddler. This word so exasperated Handel, that soon afterwards, when the father died and the mother, who saw her daughter pine away, told Handel that all obstacles were now got rid of, he replied that all was over between her daughter and him, and he, "a fiddler," would have nothing to say to her. The poor girl died from a broken heart — a fact as rare as the phrase is frequent. The second opportunity was thrown in his way by a very rich lady, handsome and accomplished in every way — in fact, a most desirable person; but her family, although they had no objection to the man, insisted that he should give up his profession, a request which he proudly refused, preferring to live on his own earnings rather than on the wealth of a bride.

Perhaps I may be allowed here to allude to an absurd habit which consists in the title of Mus. Doc. being taken for a guarantee that the man on whom it has been conferred must, besides a learned musician, be a great composer. A great composer must be a great musician, but it does not follow that a great musician must be a great composer; for a great musician is he who has learned all you can learn — thorough-bass, harmony, counterpoint, composition. He will be pronounced a great musician if he offends against no rule, if, for instance, he can write an orchestral score and make no mistake, giving no instrument either notes or passages which it cannot play, and violating no rule of harmony; but just as a man can learn grammar, syntax, style, and, without offending against any rule, may not be able to write an interesting book unless he have ideas of his own or an original way of representing things as distinguished from the ordinary claptrap, so will no man write a great composition without new ideas of his own, or a style of his own. Being a musician is, in fact, a negative quality, not to make unallowed mistakes, just as a well-educated man will not offend against good manners; but being a great composer is an absolute merit. You must not only show what you don't do, but what you can do; you must create, you must give something that nobody before you has given; and though a doctor's diploma may prove that you have written a faultless MS., no title on

earth can give you genius and make you a composer. A Welch paper once distinctly stated that Dr. P. stands higher than Beethoven, since the latter was no doctor of music, and the former was. I was led to this digression on account of the difficulty Handel encountered with his "Te Deum," which could not be given in any church where the works of doctors of music only were admitted. There were five or six then; what has become of their names and their work, and where are they by the side of the name of the immortal "Sassone," who was a genius and no doctor? It is as Dumas once said to a young gentleman who was invited to a Russian *soirée*, and was dazzled with the stars and ribands of the gentlemen present. "Vous êtes l'homme le plus distingué de la soirée," said Dumas to him; "vous êtes le seul qui ne soit pas décoré." And Frenchmen, who are so often ridiculed for this eager craving after the riband instituted by Napoleon I., attach not less value to that distinction than Englishmen do to the title of Mus. Doc.

I mentioned King George I. as being angry with Handel because he preferred the pleasant and luxurious life at Lord Burlington's, who had received Handel in his mansion in Piccadilly, to his previous tedious life in Hanover. It is interesting to know that Lord Burlington, when asked why he had built his residence *so far out of town*, where it was "quite a journey for his friends to visit him," replied, "Well, I like a solitary life," and he had therefore chosen a site where he was certain nobody would build near him. What would he say to the fields round Piccadilly now?

We are continually crowing over the great progress which music has made in this country, and in consequence the heightened position of musicians and the respect with which they are received in society. Handel, who after having lived with Lord Burlington, was engaged by the Duke of Chandos as conductor of his "chapel," composed there his first oratorio "Esther," and the duke was so enchanted with it, that he at once gave Handel, besides his appointment, the sum of a thousand pounds. Has the progress of our days led any duke, however rich, to a similar liberality?

Handel spoke and wrote several languages, although perhaps not exactly to perfection. In his French correspondence — and French was at that time the language used in the correspondence of distinguished society, just as it is now in

Russia — there occur sometimes expressions which might not receive the indulgence of the Académie Française. In a letter to his brother-in-law he promises to give him explanation, "verbally," which he styles *de bouche*, of course a verbal translation of the German *mündlich*. This same letter he signs, "Avec une passion inviolable." Imagine a man to remain his brother-in-law's obedient servant, with "inviolable passion"!

The great friendship which the famous Salieri had for Gluck led to the following polyglot leave-taking so often resorted to by Italians, who know a little of every language. This is, when Gluck left for Paris, how Salieri addressed him: "Ainsi, mon cher ami, lei parte domani per Parigi. Je vous souhaite di cuore un bon voyage. Sie gehen in eine Stadt wo man die frem-

den Künstler schätzt, e lei ci farà onore, ich zweifle nicht (embracing him). Ci scriva, mais bien souvent!"

The birthday of Handel and the year of his birth are often incorrectly given, and by whom of all authorities should you think? By no less a man than Dr. Burney, who copied it from Handel's monument in Westminster Abbey, where February 24, 1684, is falsely given, which, after minute inquiry and authenticated copy from the church register, has been authoritatively ascertained. The incorrect information coming from such high quarter, it is worth giving here the exact translation of his christening certificate, it being understood that, according to the use of those times in Germany, the child was christened the day after its birth.

1685.

THE WEEK SEXAGESIMA.

<i>Feb.</i>	<i>Father.</i>	<i>Baptized.</i>	<i>Godfathers and Mothers.</i>	Baptism Register.
* 3 24th.	Herr Georg Handel, valet and official surgeon, Amts-Chirurgus.	George Frederic.	Herr Philip Fehrsdorff, Saxon intendant at Langendorff, Maid Anna, daughter of G. Taustens, ex-curate at Giebichstein, and Herr Zacharias Kleinhempel, barber in the market here.	Of the Oberpfarrkirche (Church of the Holy Virgin), zu Unser Lieben Frauen at Halle, anno 1607-1686, p. 663.

This is clear and indisputable evidence. Handel's father, valet and surgeon, was not what we call a surgeon, but according to the German designation, *Bader*, he was a barber of the sort who used to put on leeches, cut a vein when ordered by the physician, draw teeth, often very badly, and — shave.

Those barbers who even now exist in small German towns and villages proceed from selling leeches to ordering them, and call themselves surgeons because they meddle with surgical operations of the lowest kind. It is possible that great admirers of Handel imagine that they elevate the man by making him the son of a surgeon. But, first of all, the statement is untrue, and what is of more importance in history than truth? and then it seems even more like self-creating genius to have himself only to thank for all he achieved, notwithstanding his low birth.

It is said of Handel that while he en-

joyed the hospitality of Lord Burlington, he perfected himself not only in the art of composition, but in the art of gastronomy. Indeed, the science of eating, and more so of drinking, was cultivated in those times to such an extent that the queen is credited with having said that she was herself very proficient in this branch of human science, but that she was compelled to dismiss her faithful minister, Harley, Earl of Oxford, because he came too often drunk into the Council chamber. Handel had therefore the highest authorities as models from which to copy.

An impartial observer, looking at the publications of the time, will be somewhat startled on finding a score by Handel announced thus: "The Opera of Richard I., for the flute. Ye aires (*sic*) with their symphonies for a single flute, etc. Walsh, 1728. Also may be had where these are sold, all Mr. Handel's operas for a single flute!" Another publication was made by Signor Buononcini, who, from jealousy of Handel's overwhelming successes, published, both in English and Italian, a

* This sign 3 means Monday, and shows that Handel was born on Monday 23rd.

pamphlet, entitled: "Advice to Composers and performers of Vocal Musick which is *given gratis*, up one pair of stairs in Suffolk Street;" in which he tried to prove that all Handel's vocal compositions were so overloaded with instrumental accompaniments, that the voice became quite covered, and that instead of being arias they were sonatas. He did distribute this pamphlet gratis as promised, but is it not remarkable that no number is mentioned—"one pair of stairs in Suffolk Street"? Rightly to understand why the Italian opera under Handel had at last to give up the ghost, I should require space to show the intrigues, among many other intriguers, of two lady singers, La Faustina and La Cuzzoni. Those who know what vanity, jealousy, and envy can accomplish among ladies will understand what the effect of putting both these prima-donnas into the same opera must have been. But the advent and unprecedented success of "The Beggar's Opera" put even these ladies in the background, and Polly Peachum (Miss Fenton—Nellie Beswick was her real name) was more adulated, flowered, praised than any of the others. That charming damsel, however, ran away—I should say, bolted—with the Duke of Bolton, and everybody thought how very soon she would have to return to her bread-earning profession. But she was clever enough to become Duchess of Bolton. "The Beggar's Opera," written by Gay and produced by Rich, was such a financial success, that it was said, it made Rich gay, and Gay rich.

Of course Handel got tired of the Italian opera where the ladies above mentioned came to blows on the open stage, where they tore each other's hair, which was all the more unfair as one of the combatants had less to suffer than the other, her hair not growing on her head. Remarkable is a letter written about the "differences" between these two ladies, by the Countess Pembroke to the mistress of the robes of Queen Caroline, the Viscountess Sundon.*

In "a letter from a gentleman in town to a friend in the country," London, 1727, the rage of the audience for worn-out Italian reputations in preference to fresh English voices is deplored, and the question is asked whether it is not downright ridiculous that a person should buy from a pawnbroker worn-out second-hand

clothes, who can well afford to buy from any shop a fresh new suit?

The world-renowned "Acis and Galatea" was given in the little theatre in the Haymarket, with the announcement that "tickets may be had and places taken at Mr. Fribourg's, maker of Rappee snuff, at the Play-house gates. Prices 5s. and 2s. 6d." Handel's glorious oratorio career began with "Esther," 1732 (first written in January for the Duke of Chandos).

On July 10th, 1733, "Athalia" was given in Oxford before thirty-seven hundred hearers, when before Dr. Arne, M. Charles Floting, and other celebrities, he improvised on the organ so, that they declared such extempore playing had never been heard before on the organ or any other instrument, and from this moment Handel was considered the greatest man of his time.

I have before said that it was in his advanced years that Handel wrote those oratorios which have since formed a model for students, the admiration of the world, an ever-fresh monument of the activity and fertility of an indefatigable genius, whose works, after one hundred and fifty years, are as fresh and as universally admired as they were when first created. His works must be considered as truly immortal music. I have not the space now to speak of this period of his time, but must leave the consideration of this part of his life and work to another paper. Being one of the most colossal giants of the last century, that century so rich in great men, Handel's life exacts a more than ordinary share of attention, with which less celebrated men may dispense, but to which such a Titan as Handel is fully entitled.

L. E.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.
THE GREAT INDIAN DESERT.

On some of the older maps of India there appears on the eastern side of the Indus River an almost blank space, on which is written "Great Indian Desert." The map-makers give us a few names, perhaps to save appearances of total ignorance, such as Bikanir, Jeysulmir, Barmir; but these only serve to intensify the contrast between this part and the rest of the peninsula, and to rouse the suspicion in most minds that the tale was not all told. The fact that nearly the whole of this area is in native States accounts in great measure for the com-

* The title of the pamphlet relating this notorious affair is: "The Devil to pay at St. James's, a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle between Madame Faustina and Madame Cuzzoni."

parative ignorance of its physical features, and it is indeed only of late years that its topographical survey has been undertaken by the government of India. In a few years more its wastes will have been explored and mapped; already it can boast of its "Gazetteer," and if it can only be gradually, and even partially, opened out by railway communication, it may earn, as it deserves, a character less forbidding than it has borne hitherto.

During the last cold season of 1888-89 I was able in some degree to satisfy my own curiosity about this country by having to conduct a reconnaissance for a proposed railway between Delhi and Katri, in Sind, passing through Bikanir and Jeysulmir, which was to form a direct commercial strategic route between Kurachi and upper India. The great improvements of late years in the harbor and in the loading facilities at Kurachi have resulted in great strides being made in the trade of this port, and it is claimed that it must ere long become the main inlet and outlet for the trade of northern and western India.

The country commonly referred to as the "desert" is in fact very far from being so in reality, for though the surface is largely covered with sand or sand-hills, and the soil is so poor that it is a marvel how any crop at all can be grown on it, it can boast, nevertheless, of many old and interesting towns, and of being the present home of one of the most martial and vigorous races—the Rajputs. Taking the Luni River, which falls into the Runn of Cutch, as the eastern boundary, the Varra, the old channel of the Indus, as the western, and the Runn of Cutch as the southern limit, the whole country to the north as far, say, as the old bed of the Guggur River, now buried in sand, is an undulating sandy country with varying heights above sea-level. Bikanir is, for instance, nearly five hundred feet above the level of the plain of the Indus at Bhawalpore, while Jeysulmir is about six hundred and fifty feet above the same plain at or near Sukkur. The southern end of this great area is known as the Sind Desert, and may be considered to be the initial boundary of the sand, and the extreme type of the whole; where the sand-hills run to mountainous heights, and where, except in seasons when the rainfall is exceptionally good, say from four to six inches, there is practically no cultivated land over an area of some four thousand square miles.

No better description of the Sind Desert

could be given than to say that its surface resembles the Atlantic in a severe storm, but that the height and length of the waves are enlarged threefold. The hills or ridges do not, however, as is the case with sea-waves, run with the line of their crests at right angles to the direction of the wind; but, curiously and inexplicably, run roughly *parallel* to it. The distances from centre to centre of these ridges vary between three hundred yards and three-quarters of a mile, and are joined up at intervals of from one to two miles, by long slopes on the windward side, into deep basins in which there is a subsiding system of sand-ridges of less height running roughly in the same direction as the main ridges. The crests of these latter were found to be frequently one hundred and twenty or even one hundred and fifty feet above the bottom of the hollows, and some isolated points to be seen here and there must have been considerably higher. As a general rule, the slopes of these sand-hills were very abrupt on the north-west flanks, being often as steep as forty-five degrees, while on the south-east flanks the slope was much easier. The actual surface of this country is a dirty sand, filled, in the course of centuries, with dust and fragments of vegetation; but below this is clean and rather fine quartz sand, the particles being rounded off into almost complete spheres by the action of either wind or water, or both. Yet, notwithstanding this most unpromising "soil," the country is clothed, though sparsely, with tufts of coarse grass, cactus bushes, and prickly shrubs, and even dwarfed trees, though few and far between, are dotted over the hills and hollows, while, in good rainy seasons, the sandy bottoms produce patches of *bājri*, a small millet, and the staple food of the people over the whole of the desert country. The cultivation is primevally simple—the sand is worked into furrows by a camel drawing a rough, light plough, the seed is put in deep and left to do its best in the showers and sunshine of the rainy season. Judging by the stubble in these patches, it would seem that perhaps one seed only in thirty, or even fifty, germinates and comes to maturity; but when one finds that a good handful of the sand when stirred in a tumbler full of water can barely do more than seriously discolor it, one marvels why any should get beyond the stage of mustard and cress grown on damp flannel.

A strong wind from the south-west and west-south-west blows over the Sind Desert and runs up over Rajputana in the

months of March, April, May, and June. At the end of April, or in May, when the wind is most violent, or in what the natives call the *chālisa*, or forty days, the wind has at times a probable velocity of forty miles an hour, and is apparently hardly less violent at night. The whole atmosphere is charged with dust and fine sand, the crests of the ridges are all in motion, and scarfs of drift-sand form on their north-east ends. The people who live in this desert describe this time of the year as almost intolerable; and, indeed, with the fearful heat day and night, the sand in their mouths, eyes, food, and clothing, the want of water, and the almost sleepless nights, it must be as near a realization of the infernal regions as they can expect to find in this world. They are, however, rewarded by their winter season, which affords them a dry, bracing cold, and by an almost complete immunity from cholera, small-pox, or other diseases which in the hot season occasionally decimate villages in other parts of India.

The origin of this immense volume of sand is a geological mystery. In character it differs inappreciably in the sand-hills about Omercote, from those near Bikanir, a distance of something like three hundred and twenty miles, and at Omercote I ascertained that the sand dips below the alluvium of the Indus valley, while under the sand, at varying depths, a pebbly, silicious conglomerate is found both towards Hyderabad and eastward into the desert. Outcrops of this conglomerate, altered near Barmir by contact with plutonic rocks, are found all over the desert, and the city of Bikanir itself is built on an extensive ridge of it. It has been suggested, I believe, by our geologists that the whole of this great desert was at one time the bed of the sea, and the brackish water in the wells, and the numerous salt-pans, or depressions, lend some color to the idea. If this was the case we may imagine central and southern India as a great island with the Indian Ocean flowing round the present basins of the Indus and the Ganges up to the foot of the Himalayas. It would, I think, be clear to any one who studied this country that the immense sand hills and ridges of the Sind Desert, and even those further inland, have been formed under forces and conditions which no longer exist; that, geologically, they are very old, and from the point of view of sand-hills "have seen better days." Near Barmir, for example, there are high ranges of metamorphic sandstone and conglomerate running across the line

of the sand-hills, and seeming to have been upheaved through them, in so far that the sand-ridges run up on to their flanks on the weather side, and on the *lee side* are formed of the same even section with the ridges tilted up slightly towards the rocky range. The sand could not well have been blown over ranges one thousand two hundred feet high above the average level of the country, and even if this was assumed, it is hard to imagine that it should fall again on the lee side to the same section and lie symmetrically on the rock. I tried, but failed, to find any indications of alteration in the sand where it joined on to the rock, but I had no sufficient appliances or labor to make a satisfactory inquiry. The general parallelism of the sand-ridges in the Sind desert with the direction of the prevailing wind is, as I have already noted, difficult to account for, more especially as about the latitude of Jodhpore the sand-hills take what may be called their normal shape, viz., that of huge sea-waves with a long slope on the windward side, a steep slope to leeward, and the line of their crests at right angles to the wind — as, in fact, a sea-wave would run. In the triangle between Jeysulmir, Bikanir, and Jodhpore, such sand-hills are dotted all over the country in the most irregular way, and rise to heights of eighty or even one hundred feet above the general level of the ground; but no sand-hills, except small drifts, are now being formed, and it is only in places where the surface has been disturbed by cattle or by cultivation that this action is seen at work on anything like a large scale.

The population of the Sind Desert might be put, and very liberally, at an average of one to the square mile. Between Omercote and Barmir, a distance of some one hundred and twenty miles, there is only one place that can be called a village. Any other indications of human habitation consist of collections of from two to half-a-dozen round huts built of twigs, and as much like American "wigwams" as can be. These are the abode of cattle and goat herds, and seem to be moved or abandoned at short notice. They are generally found near some hollow where shallow wells about two to three feet in diameter have been sunk through the sand, the sides of which are kept up by ropes and bundles of grass and twigs. Day and night the wells are at work, and it is very astonishing to see what considerable numbers of animals come to be watered, and to think that they have to find their daily meal in such

a country. Bullocks, cows, goats, camels, and donkeys, come in, untended very often, drink their fill, and go away stolidly again into the desert to "graze" on the hideous "pasture"-ground, the very look of which would be enough to demoralize a proper-minded English cow. These wells were the only source of interest in camp, though the scene was always the same. The camel's patience under thirst was here seen to be illusory, or at any rate that if he can bear it, he does not like it. That a camel can go a long while without water is a well-established fact; but the people in this desert told me that the animals came in of their own accord somewhat as follows: Goats every day, donkeys every other day, camels the same, while cows and bullocks would go for three or four days without water. And such water as it is!—very salt, very dirty, and very warm; so salt that soap will not lather in it, and to a European stomach it is simply poison; yet both the people of the country and the cattle seem to be quite happy with it, and even prefer it to sweet water, or say they do, and the cows' milk is certainly excellent, though the yield is very small. Away from the wells the outlook is horribly monotonous, and it is difficult to repress a constant feeling of sadness that so much dry land, of which we have none too much anywhere, should be so comparatively useless and unprofitable. At the best we may regard it as a vast area where climates or "samples of weather" are made for other places, a great drying-ground for the westerly currents that sweep for more than half the year from this corner of the peninsula over northern and central India, and form an important factor in the phenomenon of the monsoon.

The rainfall of the "Great Desert" is terribly uncertain. In Sind it may be six inches and is often nil, and in the Jeysulmir and Bikanir States scarcely a year passes without considerable areas suffering either from severe scarcity or even actual famine. So frequently, indeed, is the failure of the rains before the people, that it is a well-recognized custom for them to march away with their families and cattle in bodies of thirty or forty in number, into the irrigated plains of Sind. They make little or no fuss about it. Their few simple implements are shut up or buried in the floor of their huts, and putting the women and children on camels, and driving before them a few half-starved cattle, they set off in quest of harvest or other work, and await the setting-in of

the next rainy season, when, as soon as the clouds begin to gather, they toil back over the burnt-up wilderness to their abandoned fields, their *wultun*, to begin life again with arrears of rent to face as perhaps the sole result, save that of the preservation of their own lives, of their long journey and exile. We met many hundreds of these poor people coming from Jeysulmir and Mullani, and often as I asked them why they did not settle for good in Sind, and leave their wretched desert land, the invariable reply was that they must return to their wultun when better times come; and I suppose that of the thousands who go every year into Sind, not one per cent. remains permanently. It is impossible for any one who has not lived in India to understand how much is meant by the term wultun to a native, and it is difficult for any European to realize that even in this desert the force of this sentiment is unimpaired. It may mean actually no more than the recognized right to cultivate some small plat of almost uncultivable soil, a share only in a mean, but hereditary employment, or even the right to village charity; but it is none the less a wultun—a recognized position in the village community, a status or a means of livelihood which, however humble, is the birthright of his family, and a position which perhaps no money can buy, while to abandon it is to make a man, according to his light, a waif and stray. To the Englishman, whose home is everywhere and anywhere, this would seem but a feeble tie; but to the native of India it means pretty nearly his only stock of sentiment or feeling.

It is curious that the accounts of the poorer people in this desert are kept in "legs" of animals. A man's property consists of so many "legs" of cattle or camels, he is indebted in "legs," and the security of money-lenders is in one or more "legs" of a herd, and a proportionate share in their offspring and produce. Most of the people are *Sodas*, a race of poor degenerate Rajputs, but who in years gone by were a powerful class. They consider Omercote as the centre of the universe, and look to it mainly for their food supply. It boasts of a rather imposing mud fort, and of being the birthplace, or nearly so, of the great Akbar, who was born close by while his mother was flying from Jodhpore. The fort being built on the very edge of the desert, on the west side one looks over gardens and the irrigated plain of Sind, while on the east is sand immediately under the walls, and

sand-hills are seen as far as the eye can reach. The town is an irregular mass of some six hundred or seven hundred mud-built houses with flat roofs, hardly any of them having windows, and coolness and ventilation are obtained by huge cowls on the roofs. It is the headquarters of a desert district which may claim, perhaps, to be the hottest and most uninteresting in British India.

On nearing Barmir, an old robber stronghold perched on a precipitous hillside, the character of the desert changes from monotonous sand-hills to low ranges of bare rock interspersed with sand-drifts, and with occasional patches of cultivation in the hollows. The rocks show basalt, or black porphyry, schists, and metamorphic sandstones, and the crests of the hills run up to thirteen or fourteen hundred feet above sea-level. Going further east, towards Jodhpore or Bikanir, the outcrops of rock are frequent, and the country generally undulating, but sand-hills show everywhere in detached masses, except near Jodhpore itself, and about Nagore, where the soil is good, and the annual rainfall reaches sometimes to seventeen inches. Jodhpore itself has already a good water supply from large tanks, and this is being much improved. The town and fortress of Jodhpore make certainly one of the most picturesque and striking-looking places in India. Every house is built of stone, most of them being gems of native design, both in their outlines and in the minute and beautiful carving of the stone. The stone slabs, pierced into network screens for the balconies, are of exquisite design and workmanship, and are peculiar to this part of India, being found in Bikanir, Jeysulmir, and Jeypore.

The general aspect of nearly the whole of this country perhaps justifies its old designation of the "Great Desert"—at any rate for at least eight months in the year. In the rainy season, if there is rain, the fields and even the sand-hills are sparsely clothed with green, the air is cool, and the sky clouded over; but as soon as the crops are cut, say in October, the grass has withered to a dull yellow, or has been grazed down to the level of the ground; the salsifer, the camel thorn, and wild-capsicum bushes, and the dwarf *ber*, or jujube, are the only signs of vegetation, and these at long intervals, while all around is a glaring, undulating plain of sand or sandy earth. How cattle manage to get through the hot season in this country is a standing marvel—and, in fact, a large proportion die of what is simple

starvation. But sterile and even hideous as this country is to the eye of the European, it has long been the home of the Rajputs and of the well-known *Morwari* traders, whose banking and commercial agencies are to be found in every large city in India. Marching over the country with seemingly nothing but a wilderness of desert in front, as far as the horizon, one comes almost suddenly, in some hollow, on a little town of well-built, whitewashed houses, glistening and grilling in the sun, and with the sand-hills perhaps close up to their walls. The signs of life about such places are few indeed, even in the daytime—literal "sleepy hollows," where the sleek merchant, who has made his money in India, comes back to rest and idleness, and to "fight his battles over again" with old comrades and eager listeners. In the sanctum of one of these men whose house of business was quite a thousand miles away on the other side of India, and who had seen a good deal of "life," I was astonished to find how absolutely childish were the ornaments and pictures hung round the room, and how utterly incongruous was their mixture. I can recall that an old and nearly obliterated line engraving of St. Sebastian was cheek by jowl with a florid-colored German picture of a young lady in very *décolleté* dress, and the central one, curiously enough, was a dauby, red-colored print of George the Third and his queen, on one side of which was a picture of the Virgin and child, and on the other a framed advertisement of somebody's brandy.

I am inclined to think, though I see no sign of the idea in our gazetteers, that the Rajputs are a decaying race. They have few, if any, of the difficulties about food which the Hindu has, and will eat meat freely, but excluding pork, especially that of the wild pig. They drink heavily when they get the chance, and both eat opium and smoke tobacco, and generally the better off a Rajput is the more dissipated and body-worn he looks. The difficulties that surround marriage, both on the score of expense and in the restrictions of exogamy which is rigorously adhered to, are, moreover, telling on the reproduction of the population. I estimated the average family in the villages I passed through to be less than three in number, and among the Rajputs only the average was much lower. The paucity of male heirs among the better class of them is notorious, and the system of exogamous marriage must surround it with temptation to avoid its difficulties by recourse to female infanti

cide. The term *bèti-ke-bāp*, or "father of daughters," is a well-known term of reproach in Rajputana, which has not yet lost its zest, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of our political officers to arouse a better feeling on this point. The moral decay of the Rajput is indeed acknowledged by themselves, and is, curiously enough, attributed by them to the action of the British government. They say, "We are now all getting 'soft.' In former days we could settle our disputes with the sword, and keep our hands in, between whiles, by raiding a village or a herd of cattle; but now you won't let us do this, and we have to sit in our houses and twiddle our thumbs." This is no new story in the records of our Indian empire. The "reign of law" spreads steadily and inexorably, and far in advance of the comprehension of its purpose and value. The great bulk of the population of the desert is composed of races who have been driven into it by the conquest of their former homes, and the oppression of the conquerors. What but severe pressure could induce men to come to such a country, where the soil is sand, and water, the crying need of man in a tropical climate, is hundreds of feet below the surface in wells sunk through sand and hard rocks? In the hot weather the water from good wells is sold at a high price, and all the deep ones are covered and locked at night when not in use. In other places the water that runs from the roof in the scanty showers of the monsoon is carefully led into underground cisterns, and is doled out much as we should do with a rare and costly wine. It is, in fact, the water difficulty that has, in a great degree, led to the villages and towns being placed in the lowest hollows.

The cultivating class live generally in circular "wigwam" huts, made of the branches of trees and shrubs, the sides of which are plastered inside and out with a mixture of mud and cow-dung. Round each family group is a fence of dried thorn bushes stuck in the ground, against which the sand has generally drifted up on the windward side. In the Sind Desert many of the villages get sanded up in a few years, and are moved away to windward, and even in the towns the labyrinthine tracks among the houses are full of loose sand-drifts. In Jeysulmir the sand has been blown up against the west side of the city walls to the extent that a horseman can ride over them, and everywhere it would seem to be the recognized duty of the householder to make periodical clear-

ances of his enclosures. In the hot season, between the months of March and July, when the wind blows strongly night and day, and the air is laden with dust and fine sand, and the coarser particles are drifting along the surface, it must seem as if it were only a question of a few days to see a village entirely overwhelmed, but a good deal of what is blown in is blown out again, and it evidently takes a long time to produce any serious inconvenience. This "blowing" or drift sand, would be the great difficulty with any railway project through this desert, as we know that three inches of sand over the rails will put an engine off the line as certainly as a log of wood, so that when it is a matter of keeping the road clear of drift night and day, the expense of constant watching and clearance, and the great risk involved in this being neglected, will certainly tend to postpone, if not prevent, railway extension through this country, unless on conditions involving unusual cost in construction and in maintenance. On a small metre gauge line in the Jodhpore State, which at one place touches the edge of the sandy tract, a train has been blocked in front by sand, and, while detained by this, blocked also behind in the same way. The expense of dealing with the drifts on a section of not more than three or four miles in length, has been indeed as serious as it was unexpected. It is almost needless to say that the camel is at present the principal means of transport and travel in the desert, and does also a fair amount of work at ploughing and dragging water out of the deep wells. As a beast of burden I have no allegation to make against it; but as a means of locomotion for the human body, I unhesitatingly condemn it, and I cannot suppose that an Indian camel is worse in this respect than an Egyptian one or any other. Riding day after day at a jog-trot for four and five hours together on one of these animals, with an occasional spell of double this time, is eminently calculated to impress one with the wonderful adaptability of a man's "internal economy," and why the entire viscera do not become a jumbled mass under such a trial, is to me a standing testimony to the excellence of its design to meet every conceivable villany and maltreatment. To take the front seat and drive the animal yourself is the only possible method in going at speed. To take the hind seat means passing hours, that seem days, of unmitigated torture. The boasted excellence of the Bikanir or Jeysulmir riding-camel is, in my

experience, a delusive flight of the imagination. I sought such animals in vain, and the only satisfaction I could get was that such excellence is now very rare, as the "fire horse" makes them no longer asked for, and that the days when robber bands wanted them for night rides of eighty or one hundred miles, have passed away. On this latter point one old man, whom I suspected of knowing more about it than by hearsay, told me that a camel for such purposes was fed for a day with *ghee* (clarified butter), as much as could be got into him, and was then left for two or three days without any food or water. If after this ordeal he was still alive, he could be reckoned on for a night *chappar* of any distance, and was worth his weight in silver.

Beyond a small amount of sheep's wool and of oil-seed (*oil*) the desert produces practically nothing for European markets, and the former is so loaded with sand, and so spoiled by burrs from the *burroot* grass, that it can have but little reputation with wool-buyers. These burrs cover the sheep almost like a garment, and so tenacious are they that if the wool is pressed for easy transport they are extracted with the greatest difficulty, and I suspect that the scratchy things one too often finds in one's woollen underclothing are remnants of these detestable natural plagues. Camping in the desert is, in fact, made doubly horrible by this pest. The burrs get on to one's clothes, tents, bedding, and towels, and a "real treat" is to get one on a camel-saddle or to rub one's self with one on a bath-towel. Oil-seeds would become a considerable item of export if the cost of transit to the railways was not so heavy. For this reason the imports of English goods are very small, and both cotton and woollen clothing are made locally from indigenous material. The woollen blankets woven by the village women are excellent samples of solid good work, and the patterns on them are singularly neat and symmetrical. The *serin*, or woman's gala-cloth for the head and shoulders, is, for such an out-of-the-way place, an extraordinary piece of hand-work embroidery, in excellent taste both as to color and design, and the stamped cotton cloths are equally good in this respect and in their substantial texture.

The greater portion of this immense tract of country seems doomed by its physical characteristics and by mal-administration to comparative, if not complete, isolation from the civilizing influences

which are now at work in the rest of the peninsula. The schools, the metalled roads, railways, telegraphs, and, above all, the enforcement of law, are slowly but surely doing their work in other parts of India, and are converting the masses from being mere cultivating machines into thinking, reasoning beings; but in this desert country, which is almost wholly under native rule, these changes are spreading slowly and fitfully. The upper classes and, with some exceptions, the rulers are unfortunately men but little superior in aims and culture to the smallest landholder; their lives are passed in a continued round of the lowest pleasures, and it is only by the persistent and unselfish efforts of our political officers that the administration of these States is saved from being a scandalous contrast to that in our own territories. The construction, or even the maintenance, of existing public works of utility is carried out only under pressure, and even then more for the honor and glory of the ruler than for the benefit of the people. For a new palace money can always be found; for a bridge or a new road there is none. We consider in British India the Bengali *zamindar* to be the extreme type of the landlord incubus; but I think the normal Rajput *thakoor* would beat him easily in his absolute ignorance of the duties he owes to his cultivation, in his profligacy, and in his selfish, wasted life. We must, however, be prepared to excuse him to the extent that, unlike the Bengali, he has little or no chance of ever hearing of better things, and he sees too little of the very few Englishmen who travel through the desert, for this influence to have any effect. The Morwari traders, the Jews of India, who are constantly going to and fro between this country and British India, might be expected to set an example and bring some better influences to bear on the ruling class. But beyond building palatial houses and spending ruinous sums on the marriage of their children (one of them lately spent over £12,000 on a marriage), they seem to be absolutely inert. The best indication of the barbarous condition of this country is in the institution of domestic slavery. Our Exeter Hall friends think that this is extinct under the British Empire. They should make some inquiries in the desert. That the slaves are well treated as a rule, and would probably resent any proposals for emancipation, is, I believe, beyond a doubt; but the system exists all the same.

HORACE BELL.

From The National Review.

GEORGE SAND AT AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

A LADY named Catherine Dormer, who died three years ago in London at the age of eighty-five, was probably the last survivor of George Sand's English school-fellows, and the Dowager Duchess de Noailles, ~~née~~ Alicia de Rochechouart, who expired twelve months since at Paris, in her eighty-eighth year, was the last of her French comrades. The former was a granddaughter of Lord Dormer; the latter was a daughter of the Duc de Mortemart et de Rochechouart, which family claims, along with that of Lévi-Mirepoix, descent from the Levi of St. Luke iii. 24, and for centuries asserted a right of sitting in the Virgin's chapels as her kinsmen.

Before, however, describing George Sand's school-days, her own vivid relation of which we are able to correct and supplement by private information, let us briefly give the history of the Austin Nunnery, which was a bit of England embedded in the centre of Paris. She speaks of it as founded during the Commonwealth, but, in reality, it went rather farther back. It was established in 1634 by Lady Letitia Tredway, of Northamptonshire, under the direction of Bishop Richard Smith and Thomas Carr, and after two temporary locations, settled in 1640 in what was then the suburb of St. Marceau, just outside the city walls.

A Roman arena, portions of which a short distance off are now being cleared for preservation, long ago occupied the site, which then, for nearly a thousand years, became a field, known in the thirteenth century as the Enclos des Arènes. Baif bought or built a house upon it, and from 1570 to 1589 held musical and poetical gatherings which, under royal patronage, developed into the Académie du Palais, the precursor of the present Academy. It is not unlikely that Baif's house, or part of it, was preserved when the English nuns settled there, for during a century and a half they altered and enlarged their convent, utilizing old constructions rather than rearing new ones, and even leaving intact portions which had ceased to be of any use. The Scotch College, founded in the fourteenth century, became their next-door neighbor about 1660, and the Christian Brothers had installed themselves in 1627 just round the corner of the street, their back garden adjoining the spacious nunnery grounds. About the end of the seventeenth century, the steep hill called St. Geneviève's, up

which the Rue des Fossés St. Victor ran, was partially levelled, and the convent, like its Scotch neighbor, was put to considerable expense in making a new ground floor, and in underpinning the building during the operation; but for which the house would have been perched high above the road without any access. The Scotch College, with its chapel now apparently on the first story, but really on the original level of the street, as shown by a small back yard which has not been lowered, gives an idea of the trouble and cost of this process.

Charles I.'s widowed queen, with her son James, used to visit the convent, and, according to a tradition repeated by George Sand, touched for scrofula. What is more certain, for it rests on documentary evidence, is that James, after his abdication, occasionally went to the convent. On his death a bit of the flesh of his right arm, wrapped in a rag soaked with his blood, was presented to the nuns, and encased in the wall of the choir with an inscription. This relic escaped destruction in the great Revolution, but disappeared in 1871, when the Commune converted into barracks the newly erected convent at Neuilly, to which it, with other heirlooms, had been removed.

Pope's housekeeper, Martha Blount, and her sisters were educated at the convent, and in 1774 Dr. Johnson, visiting Paris with the Thrales, called there to see Frances Fermor, niece of the Arabella Fermor who was the Belinda of "The Rape of the Lock." Frances herself remembered Pope, whom she described to Johnson as "a disagreeable man," and she told Mrs. Thrale (then Madame Piozzi) nine years later that Pope's praises made her aunt very troublesome and conceited, and that his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants in waiting on him. Mrs. Thrale, who made some satirical comments on the easy life of the nuns, little imagined what tribulations were in store for them. In 1790 they were interrogated by revolutionary commissaries, and invited to choose between re-entering the world and relegation to some general asylum for recusants. Mrs. Lancaster, the superior, who had been an inmate for forty-one years, and superior for eleven — she survived till 1808, to the age of seventy-six — urged the injustice of interfering with foreigners and foreign endowments, and expressed her wish to live and die there. All the other nuns echoed the sentiment; one of them, of whom we shall presently hear, being Mary Anne Can-

ning, daughter of Francis Canning of Foxcote, and cousin of the English statesman.

We must pass over the domiciliary visits of 1793, the plunder and mutilation of furniture and monuments, the detention of the nuns as hostages for Toulon, and the conversion of the nunnery into a political prison — Carmelites, actresses, fashionable ladies, and English residents being crowded into it, and some leaving it only for the guillotine. We must, however, mention that among these prisoners were Madame Dupin and Antoinette (after the Revolution she was called Victoire) Delaborde, George Sand's grandmother and mother, then unknown to each other. Young Dupin, when debarred from visiting his mother, arranged with her that she, from the convent, and he from the other side of Paris, at Passy, should gaze, at a fixed hour in the day, on the dome of the Pantheon. He little imagined that the captives included the birdseller's daughter, destined to be his wife.

After the Reign of Terror, the nuns were on the point of returning to England, but a gleam of hope of the recovery of their property induced them to remain, and partial restitution having been made, they re-opened their school. It flourished more than at any previous period; for, though the war stopped the supply of English pupils, French parents, particularly generals and officers, sent their daughters to it. After Waterloo English girls came again, and the Duke of Wellington heard them sing the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia." When George Sand, or rather Aurore Dupin, was placed there in 1817, at the age of thirteen, all the nuns and two-thirds of the pupils were English.

Aurore had been brought up by her grandmother at Nohant, had been taught by an eccentric factotum, and had had no companion except an elder and illegitimate step-brother. The old lady, daughter of one of Marshal Saxe's natural children, had never really acknowledged her son's wife, though the son's death by a fall from his horse had produced a temporary reconciliation. Disputes as to which should bring up the child caused a separation. Victoire consequently lived at Paris with an elder daughter, not a Dupin, and for four years had had no intercourse with Aurore. The latter, left almost to nature, proved at length unmanageable, and the grandmother, remembering her own captivity with the English nuns, and hearing a good report of their school, resolved on sending thither the unpolished and refractory

child. From the fields and woods of a village in Berri to a Paris cloister was an amazing change. Convent school-life has never been more fully or favorably described than by George Sand, as she looked back nearly forty years on it. Her graphic description of the building is confirmed by nuns still living, who were inmates of it till 1860, when bricks and mortar swallowed up this oasis of verdure, the Rue Monge being made through what had been its grounds. The convent was almost a village in itself, being a collection of buildings of all styles and ages, abounding in corridors and winding staircases, some of which led nowhere. It had about one hundred and twenty inhabitants, nuns, boarders, teachers, pupils, chaplain, and servants. On entering it you seemed to have crossed the Channel, for the nuns retained their English habits, drank tea, allowing well-behaved pupils to drink it with them, commonly spoke to the girls in English, and at certain hours of the day made that language obligatory. Portraits of the Stuarts in the parlor, English epitaphs in the cloisters, all suggested England.

Madame Dupin took Aurore to the establishment where she was to spend three years, not going home for the holidays, nor passing outside the gate more than twice a month. She first, of course, made acquaintance with the superior, Mrs. Canning, who had entered the convent in 1772, at the age of twenty-four. Daughter of Mary Petre, a descendant of Lord Petre, Mrs. Canning had stately manners, prided herself on being a woman of the world, talked French fluently, though with a decided accent, and was generally respected; yet Aurore, who took an immediate dislike to her, thought her harsh, sarcastic, and wily. The grandmother proudly declared the girl fit for the upper class; but, not having been confirmed, she was consigned to the lower form, consisting of about thirty girls between six and fourteen years of age. One of these was accordingly sent for to usher her into the playground, where Aurore, not in the least shy or uneasy under the gaze of the whole school, began inspecting her corner, like a bird, as she says, seeking a spot for its nest. Yet she saw at once that the girls had more polish than herself, who had run wild with peasant children, and she noticed that the elder ones, too proud to play, paced up and down in pairs, arm-in-arm and talking. A game of prisoners' base was going on, and Aurore, ignorant of the rules but expert in running, at once

joined in. Her grandmother came with the superior to look on, and was pleased to find her already at home; but on leading her into the cloister to say farewell was very irate at her stoicism. The old lady burst into tears as she kissed her, whereas Aurore, though a little affected, fancied herself bound to repress her emotion. Upon this the grandmother pushed her away, exclaimed, "Unfeeling child! I can plainly see you part from me without regret," and, covering her own face with her hands, withdrew.

Aurore was stupefied, having fully expected to please her grandmother by her courage or resignation. She was consoled, however, by the housekeeper, Sister Alippia, a little plump old woman, who assured her that if she was good all would love her. The offended grandmother, instead of returning next day as promised, waited a whole week in Paris before coming again, but the mother came and explained the cause of her displeasure, and naturally sided with her child.

So far from being homesick, Aurore passed three years without regretting the past, or looking forward to the future, whereas her comrades, without exception, felt not only the separation from parents, but the loss of liberty and comforts. Yet she suffered physically from the monotony and confinement, from cold dormitories and a low, gloomy class-room, odorous of the adjoining poultry yard. There was, however, the set-off of a spacious garden, in which every pupil might have a separate allotment. Not allowed by her grandmother to be taken out by her mother, Aurore declined to go out with her cousins, the Villeneuves, and the grandmother paid her only two visits. The girls were fond of descending three or four of the seventeen steps which led down to the ground-floor court, of catching sight through the gate of a passing carriage, and of peering through the curtained windows facing the street; but this was merely a childish demonstration against the precautions taken for their safe custody. The street was dingy and uninviting, and when taken out once a fortnight by their friends the girls had no enjoyment in the promenade, or in staring at the people they passed. It was only the forbidden fruit that was tempting. Aurore speaks in high terms of the polish and kindliness of the nuns, and regrets that they assigned most of the teaching to lay governesses. She draws no flattering picture of a Mademoiselle D., who had charge of the lower class, yet by her own confession she herself was

anything but a docile pupil. Her grandmother, one of the old free-thinking school, had given her no religious instruction, and the very first day in class revealed her dense ignorance. She was asked what became of the souls of unbaptized children. She had never heard a syllable about their fate, and answered, at a venture, that they went to heaven. The girl next her whispered "*Aux limbes*" (To limbo), but Aurore caught only the last syllable, and suspected a joke. "*Olympe?*" (Olympus?) she exclaimed, turning round and laughing. Sister Alippia Bishop, who was the schoolmistress, was scandalized at her laughing during the catechism, but on Aurore pleading absence of ill intention, excused her from kissing the floor. This was one of her regular punishments, the nuns, however, being satisfied with a mere pretence of kissing, whereas Mademoiselle D. insisted on literal performance. Told to cross herself, Aurore was again at fault. The Nohant maidservant had taught her to touch the right shoulder before the left, and the village priest had not corrected the blunder. "Is that how you always do it?" asked the sister. "*Mon Dieu, oui.*" "*Mon Dieu!* Why, that is swearing."

A desire to aggravate Mademoiselle D., as well as natural proclivities, led Aurore to join what was called the *camp des diables*, the tomboy troop, for there were three categories in the school, the good, the stupid (*les bêtes*), and the tomboys. The head of these last was a girl of eleven, Mary G., who, seeing the good humor with which Aurore took the fun she made of her name—"Mademoiselle Du Pain (Dupin) Miss Bread; what an odd name! Aurore, rising sun, I will be the sun-flower to salute your first rays"—formed an immediate friendship with her. The favorite diversion of the tomboys was at dusk, when there was indoor recreation, to slip out into the grounds and play the game of "releasing the victim." This was a traditional legend of a prisoner in the cellars, and the tomboys used to descend there, seeking for subterranean passages supposed to lead far away into Paris, and battering the plaster walls to find the secret opening. When the bell rang for prayers, they hastily brushed the dust off their dresses and rejoined their class, but sometimes Mademoiselle D., short-sighted though she was, had espied their absence, and they had to wear a nightcap all next day, which made the nuns exclaim "For shame!" as they passed. Another unlawful game was

ascent on the roof, which once ended in the breaking of a window (artfully attributed to Sister Alippia's cat Whisky), the grazing of Aurore's knees, and the dropping of her shoe, which she managed to recover unobserved.

Her first winter was full of discomforts. Roused up at six, instead of sleeping *ad libitum* as at home, forced to break the ice in the water-jug before she could wash, she did not fairly thaw till towards noon. She was anything but studious, and the nightcap was a frequent decoration. A piece of naughtiness, however, alleviated her position. Trusting to the understanding or promise that letters home were never examined, she sent her grandmother satirical accounts of Mademoiselle D. It was the future novelist's first attempt at delineating character. The superior, perhaps putting a strained construction on the term "parents," perused the letters, showed them to Mademoiselle D., and a terrible scene ensued. Aurore stuck to her guns, declined to renounce intimacy with Mary G., and fully expected to have to leave the school; but her grandmother came, was closeted with the superior, and sided, as Aurore imagined, with her granddaughter. Anyhow the latter was merely removed to the upper class, which introduced her to a light, cheerful room, and eventually to a separate bedroom at the top of the house, commanding an extensive view, though scorching in summer and freezing in winter. "Madcap" and "Mischievous," as the lay sister Theresa had nicknamed her, was thus not punished but promoted. Naughty, too, as she was, she managed to ingratiate herself with some of the nuns, helped one to distil mint—mint was grown and distilled on the premises for sale—and got herself adopted by Sister Mary Alicia Spiring—English on the father's, French on the mother's side. Each nun had the option of adopting a pupil; a kind of motherhood which consisted in scolding and caressing the favored girl, who had access at all times to her neat and beautifully clean cell, decked with religious emblems. The archness with which Aurore forced herself on a good sister whose "daughter" had just left, is amusingly related in the "*Histoire de ma Vie*," and shows that the convent, if in some respects a prison, was in others a nursery and a home.

Before passing to the second, or devotee, stage of George Sand's school-days, let us glance at some of her companions and the nuns. We can correct some of

her misspelt names, and fill up some of her initials. The younger girls included Mary Eyre, whom she represents as persecuted by Mademoiselle D., and three Kellys, Mary, Henrietta, and Helen. The upper class comprised Isabella Clifford, clever at drawing caricatures; Sophia Cary (of Torr Abbey, Devonshire), with the finest head of hair in the convent; * her sisters Fanny and Susan; Maria Gordon; Eliza and Lavinia Anster, grandnieces of the superior, their mother a Hindoo, who had lost all the rest of a large family (Eliza became the superior of a convent at Cork, Lavinia married a Stapleton, of Richmond, Yorkshire); Lucy Masterson, and two O'Mullanes, creoles.† Catherine Dormer has been already mentioned, and she had a younger sister, Mary, who married a Mr. Henry Williams, and died in 1853. Mary G., the leader in all mischief, was not, as George Sand supposed, Irish, but was a Lancashire lass, a Gillibrand "of that ilk," a family resident for at least three centuries at Gillibrand Hall, near Chorley, but now apparently extinct. Her father, a military man, was then living at Paris, and she had two sisters in the school, one of whom, Henrietta, married Alexandre Vivien, an estimable jurist. He was a friend of Jeremy Bentham, was minister of justice in 1840, and of public works in 1848, and died in straitened circumstances in 1854. What became of the lively Mary we cannot ascertain. Probably other English girls had also parents in Paris, which was then full of wealthy English. As for the French pupils, we have already spoken of Alicia de Rochechouart, who married, in 1823, the Duc de Noailles. He became an Academician, and held literary and Legitimist receptions, and the duchess was very charitable. There was also a Montmorency—either Sidonie, born in 1799, or Aurélie, four years younger. Sidonie Macdonald, daughter of Napoleon's marshal, of Scotch Jacobite extraction, was also there, as likewise Louise de la Rochejaquelein, a daughter of the Vendée heroine. Bulwer, at Paris in 1825, made the acquaintance of Madame de la Rochejaquelein, and her two daughters. "Both," he says, "very pleasant; and one, to my taste, very good-looking. They spoke English perfectly, which was a great aid to our friendly intercourse, as I then spoke French very ill." An Irish priest, Kinsela, Madame de Polignac's confessor, had introduced

* She married Charles Stonor.

† Probably of Whitechurch, County Cork, related to the O'Connells.

him, and indeed wanted him to marry one of the young ladies, "who had passed her childhood in England, and had a marked preference for English ways and literature," but his mother objected to a Catholic wife, and he left off going to the house. Ida d'Orsay, afterwards Comtesse de Guiche and Duchesse de Grammont, had left the school before George Sand entered it, but she occasionally saw the brother, *le beau d'Orsay*, singing in the choir on great festivals. The D'Orsays' grandmother, then wife of Quintin Crawford, and previously of a Sullivan, was said to have been secretly married, before his accession, to the king of Wurtemberg.

George Sand's English teacher was Elizabeth Mary Winifred Hurst, of Lancashire, not yet a nun, but who took the veil in 1819, and lived till 1874, to the age of eighty-two. George Sand in after life never read Shakespeare or Byron without thinking of and thanking her. Sister Hurst had an aunt in the convent, Helen Maria Monica Finchet, of Liverpool. She was niece of William Hurst, chaplain at the nunnery during the Revolution, was eventually superior, resigned on account of blindness, and died in 1847, aged eighty-two. The head teacher of the junior class was Mary Eugenia Stonor, who, on Mrs. Canning's death in 1820, succeeded her. Frances Mary Austin Bishop, nicknamed "Poulette," was sister to Alippia, and sold the girls sweetmeats, but gave them or allowed credit to those without pocket-money. She quitted the convent in 1836, being then seventy-three. Jane Mary Frances Fairbairn was superior 1840-1852, and died in 1879 at the age of eighty-three. There was also a sister Anne Augustine, surname unknown, entirely ignorant of French. Mary Xavier, supposed to have had a disappointment in love, was the only inmate who regretted taking the veil, and ultimately left. Miss Croft, a postulant, also left. Mary Alippia Bishop, of Warwick, strict but just, and thirty-seven years mistress of the school, died before George Sand quitted the establishment. Alicia Spiring, who died in 1855, was wont to say, when her old favorite's heresies were reprobated, "Pooh, ooh! I am quite sure she loves God."

In August, 1818, Aurore underwent a sudden conversion. Fourteen years of age, she had by this time got tired of romps, of putting ink into the holy water, of fastening the cat by the tail to the bell-rope, and similar tricks. She required an ardent passion, and even her love for

Sister Alippia did not fill the void. Some days previously, during the afternoon half-hour in the chapel assigned to meditation or religious reading, but spent by some in dozing, or even in whispering, she had casually opened the "Lives of the Saints," and been struck by an account of St. Simon Stylites; she at first smiled, and was then interested. The next day she read another life, the third day she devoured the book; for though taught by her grandmother to ridicule miracles, she was impressed by the courage and constancy of the martyrs. She had before this puzzled out and been fascinated by Titian's "Jesus on the Mount of Olives," leaning on the breast of an angel, a picture hung in a dark corner so that only just at sunset in the winter did a ray of light fall upon it. Another painting, in a better light, but less worthy of it, represented St. Augustine—the patron saint of the order, and consequently held in peculiar veneration—hearing the supernatural message, *Tolle, lege*, which made him read St. Paul. From the "Lives of the Saints," while reading which her gaze had been frequently fixed on the Titian, though the sun did not then fall on it, Aurore turned to the Gospels. She was already familiar with them, but, incredulous of miracles, had been little moved by the story of the Passion. That evening, however, she felt melancholy, and, after walking alone in the cloister, resolved on a second act of disobedience, by going into the chapel to watch the more zealous of the nuns at their private devotions. The nuns, so closely veiled as to be wholly unrecognizable, impressed her, as on leaving they literally prostrated themselves. Suddenly she felt enveloped in a white light, fancied she, too, heard a voice saying *Tolle, lege*, and turned round, thinking it was Sister Alicia, but saw no one. Without deeming this miraculous she felt that faith had entered her soul, and that she loved God. She went up to her room, having missed prayers, which were now over, and fell asleep, physically exhausted, but in a state of indescribable blessedness.

Her companions noticed the difference in her, but did not banter her, with the exception of Mary Gillibrand, who ridiculed her, though good-humoredly, tried to revive the romps, which in her own temporary absence had languished for want of a leader, and was so boisterous that in a few months she was taken from the school. She and Aurore did not meet again till more than twenty years later. Aurore went to the chaplain, the Abbé de

Prémond, made her first real confession, for till now confession had been a mere form, and next day, the Feast of the Assumption, received the sacrament for the first time since her confirmation. She became a regular communicant, and was tractable, albeit still not studious. The nuns remarked the change with satisfaction, but without inciting her to increased austerity, and Sister Eugenia became even stricter with her now that her failings could no longer be attributed to high spirits. One day, indeed, to the amazement of the class, Saint Aurore, as she was styled, having in a reverie failed to hear a command, was invested with the nightcap. She found a congenial mind in a humble lay sister, Helen Whitehead, a Scotch-woman, who had given up kindred and country for the sake of an irresistible vocation, who did the most menial duties, and who had consequently been despised, if not loathed, by Aurore as by the other pupils. Helen's example and conversation, though she was ignorant of French, and spoke English incorrectly, made Aurore resolve on becoming a nun. Sister Alicia, made a confidant of this determination, merely smiled, told her she did not know her own mind, was sure her grandmother would not consent, insisted that a good wife and mother made as many daily sacrifices as a nun, and assured her that if she desired trials life would give her plenty of them. But for these wise counsels Aurore, like some girls in a similar state of mind, would have made a tacit vow. They counteracted Helen's encouragements and assurances that the difficulty of admitting a French girl into an English nunnery might be overcome. Sister Alippia's sudden death, and the natural reaction from this state of exaltation, brought on religious melancholy, till the chaplain roused her by some sound advice, and bade her join again in her comrades' games.

A happy year followed. The three categories fused, the romps sobered down, the staid were enlivened. Charades were acted, and then plays, consisting of Aurore's recollections of Molière; the nuns, and even the superior, being amused by these amateur theatricals. Aurore thinks that, Molière being a forbidden book, the nuns credited her with the authorship of these plays; but they were probably wiser, though more reticent, than she supposed. Meanwhile, her grandmother had indirectly learnt of her still fixed intention of taking the veil, and at a month's notice fetched her home. Aurore remained just

long enough to witness Mrs. Canning's death, and Sister Eugenia's election as superior. She witnessed also the most flourishing period of the school. The presence of girls bearing great historic names had swelled the number of pupils to seventy or eighty, by attracting the daughters of manufacturers and tradesmen, whose mothers set store on contact with patricians. These plebeians were equally polished, and cleverer or more studious; but the grand ladies took alarm, and began to transfer their girls to the Sacred Heart, or the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

It is beyond our present purpose to relate how Aurore gradually renounced Catholicism, and how she made an unhappy marriage. Five years later, the mother of two little children, but jaded in mind and body, she consulted the chaplain, who advised her to spend a short time at the convent, and obtained the new superior's permission. She was warmly welcomed, found some old schoolfellows, though so grown that she had to be told who they were, and was tempted to regret that she had ever left. Sister Alicia consoled her, urging that, with her children, she ought to be happy. The kind nuns even allowed her infant, Maurice, to be brought for the day to the convent, where so unusual a visitor was caressed and spoiled by all. Sister Helen, however, struck a discordant note, reproaching Aurore with her fall from grace and her contentment with merely temporal happiness. When Baroness Dudevant, as she now was, pointed proudly to her ruddy-cheeked boy, Helen had even the cruelty to suggest that the flush was that of consumption. Aurore, in alarm, took a cab, passed the night with the child, and sent for a doctor. He laughed at her fears; but the maternal instinct was now irrepressible. She would not sleep under a different roof from her children, and went back to the convent, only to say farewell. The school had now dwindled down to seven or eight pupils, but gradually revived, and four years ago celebrated its fifth jubilee at Neuilly. Although Aurore never visited it after 1825, and but rarely met in society any of her old companions, she retained a liking for English education, and sent her daughter to an English lay school in Paris. The nuns, too, cherished an interest in her, widely as she had diverged from their standard of faith and morals. Sister Alicia's remark we have already quoted, and George Sand herself wrote:—

"My religion has never varied at bot

tom. The forms of the past have vanished, for me as for the age, by the light of reflection; but the everlasting doctrine of believers—the good God, the immortal soul, and the hopes of a future state—behold what has resisted all scrutiny, all discussion, and even intervals of despairing doubt.”

Auore, indeed, held fast to theism, though some of her political associates became materialists. So good a judge as Flaubert declared her school-day chapters the best part of the autobiography published in 1854, and it is interesting for us to reflect that this great, though unequal and too prolific novelist, this virtual subminister of the interior in 1848, spent three of her most plastic years under English training.

J. G. ALGER.

DISCOVERY OF AN ASSYRIAN LIBRARY 3,500 YEARS OLD.

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S DESCRIPTION OF IT.

THE Victoria Institute of London held its annual meeting at Adelphi Terrace on July 1st. An immense audience crowded the hall in every part, the president, Sir George Stokes, Bart., president of the Royal Society, took the chair. The proceedings were commenced by mentioning that the emperor of Brazil had sent a message expressing special interest in the Institute's Journal, and desiring to obtain it regularly for translation. The report for the past year was then read by Captain Francis Petrie, the honorary secretary, by which it appeared that the number of home, foreign, and colonial members had increased to over thirteen hundred, and there had been an important advance in the practical work of the Institute in investigating philosophical and scientific questions, especially any questions used by those who unhappily sought to attack religion in the name of science.

The adoption of the report was moved by Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.B., F.R.S., and seconded by Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, F.R.S., after which it was announced that family matters, consequent on the death of his father, prevented Professor Sayce's presence, and he had chosen the Rev. Dr. Wright, author of "The Hittites," to read the address. It gave an historical description of what has become known in regard to the conquests of Amenophis III., as shown by the archives of his palace, which have only lately been discovered, and which the pro-

fessor went last winter to investigate on the spot before writing the address for the Victoria Institute. Of the tablets and inscriptions, he said: "From them we learn that in the fifteenth century before our era,—a century before the Exodus,—active literary intercourse was going on throughout the civilized world of western Asia, between Babylon and Egypt, and the smaller states of Palestine, of Syria, of Mesopotamia, and even of eastern Kappadokia. And this intercourse was carried on by means of the Babylonian language, and the complicated Babylonian script. This implies that, all over the civilized East, there were libraries and schools where the Babylonian language and literature were taught and learned. Babylonian appeared to have been as much the language of diplomacy and cultivated society as French has become in modern times, with the difference that, whereas it does not take long to learn to read French, the cuneiform syllabary required years of hard labor and attention before it could be acquired. We can now understand the meaning of the name of the Canaanitish city which stood near Hebron, and which seems to have been one of the most important of the towns of southern Palestine. Kirjath-Sepher, or 'Book-town,' must have been the seat of a famous library, consisting mainly, if not altogether, as the Tel el-Amarna tablets inform us, of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. As the city also bore the name of Debir, or 'Sanctuary,' we may conclude that the tablets were stored in its chief temple, like the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. It may be that they are still lying under the soil, awaiting the day when the spade of the excavator shall restore them to the light. The literary influence of Babylonia in the age before the Israelitish conquest of Palestine explains the occurrence of the names of Babylonian deities among the inhabitants of the west. Moses died on the summit of Mount Nebo, which received its name from the Babylonian god of literature, to whom the great temple of Borsippa was dedicated; and Sinai itself, the mountain of Sin, testifies to a worship of the Babylonian moon-god, Sin, amid the solitudes of the desert. Moloch or Malik, was a Babylonian divinity like Rimmon, the air-god, after whom more than one locality in Palestine was named, and Anat, the wife of Anu, the sky-god, gave her name to the Palestinian Anah, as well as to Anathoth, the city of the 'Anat goddesses.'"

In a careful reading of the tablets Canon

Sayce came upon many ancient names and incidents known up to the present only from their appearance in the Bible. All these he carefully described, as well as several references in the tablets to the Hittites.

In regard to another point, he said: —

“Ever since the progress of Egyptology made it clear that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression, it was difficult to understand how so long an interval of time as the whole period of the eighteenth dynasty could lie between him and the ‘new king’ whose rise seems to have been followed almost immediately by the servitude and oppression of the Hebrews. The tablets of Tel el-Amarna now show that the difficulty does not exist. Up to the death of Khu-en-Aten, the Semite had greater influence than the native in the land of Mizraim.”

Referring to those who have formed opinions as to the non-historical character of the Pentateuch, Professor Sayce said: “The Tel el-Amarna tablets have already overthrown the primary foundation on which much of this criticism has been built.”

Professor Sayce closed his paper with a peroration of passing eloquence as to the duty of searching for the rich libraries that must lie buried beneath the sands of Syria and Palestine, a matter the importance of which has been urged in the Victoria Institute's Journal more than once, especially in the last volume, presented to all its supporters. A vote of thanks was passed to Professor Sayce for his splendid address, and to Dr. Wright for reading it. This was moved by the lord chancellor in a speech of great interest, in which he said there was nothing more interesting in the literary history of mankind than such discoveries as those alluded to in the address, which he considered a perfect mine of wealth. M. Naville, the Egyptian discoverer, having expressed his admiration of the labors of Professor Sayce, and declared the discovery the greatest one of the present century, a vote of thanks to the president was then moved by Sir Risdon Bennett, F.R.S., seconded by Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, F.R.S., and conveyed to the president by Captain Creak, F.R.S. This closed the proceedings, and the members and their guests adjourned to the Museum, where refreshments were served.

From The Month.

FUNGI.

IN admitting that the odor of the majority of fungi is far from pleasing, and that some are so offensive as to be unbearable even to the most powerful olfactory nerves, still a disgusting smell must not be set down as a universal mark of fungi. On the contrary, some emit the agreeable fragrance of mellilot, anise, violets, and cinnamon. The author of “British Fungi” informs us of a lady who had found a beautiful, as well as rare, specimen of the latticed stinkhorn, which she wished to sketch. But the lady's determination, combined with the beauty of the specimen, was no match for its offensive odor, and the rarity was ordered away before the sketch was completed. The same writer tells us of a gentleman who cleared a railway carriage of its occupants by having in his sandwich-box a specimen of the common stinkhorn, and nothing but a resolute determination to make a drawing of the fungus could have prevented this enthusiast in the cause of science from throwing plant and sandwich-box out of the window.

Considering what has been said, it will no doubt seem very illogical to say that mankind is benefited more by fungi than by any other species of the cryptogamic family. The devastation of dry-rot, of ubiquitous mildew, are very generally known; yet the benefits conferred by the fungi far outweigh their destructive propensities. This is a fact that we too easily pass over because we will look at the dark side of things, and altogether forget, or at least fail to appreciate, the good which is on the other side. To them may be rightly given the expressive name which has been applied to insects, that of the “scavengers of nature,” for their work is similar to that of insects, viz., the removal — and that, too, with a marvellous rapidity — of what is not merely a useless tenant of the earth, but an injurious neighbor, such as refuse and decaying organic matter. We have no idea of the numberless diseases that arise from the noxious exhalations of decomposing matter, from which we are freed by the help of these little plants. It is true their germs fill the air, but they are then the “unemployed,” and are only waiting for the desired material. As soon as such a substance is exposed, the “scavengers” fall upon and cover the unsightly object with a variety of fungoid growths which multiply and develop themselves with an astonishing fertility.

The fungi have therefore a right to share in the praises accorded by naturalists to insects, and what has been said of the work these tiny animals perform for man's benefit, is equally applicable to their representatives in the vegetable world. The peculiarity of their agency consists in their power of suddenly multiplying their numbers to a degree which could only be accomplished in a considerable lapse of time by any larger beings; and then as instantaneously relapsing, without the intervention of any violent disturbing cause, to their former insignificance. If for the sake of employing on different but rare occasions a power of many hundreds or thousands of horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at a great cost in the intervals when their services were not required, we should greatly admire the invention of a machine, such as the steam-engine, which should be capable at any moment of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during the periods of inaction; and the same kind of admiration is strongly excited when we contemplate the powers of

insect and fungous life, in the creation of which nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, only to be detected by careful research, are ready in a few days or weeks to give birth to myriads which may check or remove the nuisances referred to. But no sooner has the commission been executed than the gigantic power becomes dormant; each of the mighty host soon reaches the term of its transient existence; and when the fitting food lessens in quantity, when the offal to be removed diminishes, then fewer of the spores find soil on which to germinate; and when the whole has been consumed, the legions, before so active, all return to their latent state—ready however, at a moment's warning, again to be developed, and when labor is to be done again, again to commence their work. In almost every season there are some species, but especially in autumn there are many which in this manner put forth their strength, and then, like the spirits of the poet which thronged the spacious hall, "reduce to smallest forms their shapes immense."

A RIVAL TO DELAGOA BAY. — While Portugal is greedily seizing upon the results created by British capital at Delagoa Bay, the Boers are striving to break through Swaziland to a port on native territory, outside the Portuguese limits, which has just been the scene of surveys by English engineers. The Delagoa Bay Railway, as is well known, has to traverse an extremely difficult mountain range before it can enter the Transvaal, which is one of the chief reasons for the delay in extending it, while the coast on which its sea outlet is situated is ravaged by malarial fever. This has led the Boers to seek some other route, with the result that they have secured from the king of Swaziland a concession for a monopoly of the railways in his country, and are now striving to bring it completely under their rule. From Swaziland there is an easy pass over the Lebomba range into a strip of flat littoral country, controlled by native chiefs, fifty miles wide, having in Sordwana Bay a port which would prove a dangerous rival to Delagoa Bay, if properly developed. The government has recently had a survey made of this port, and it is probably to prevent the Boers getting down to it that a British commissioner has been sent to examine affairs in Swaziland. No fever-haunted mangrove swamp exists within thirty miles of Sordwana Bay. Protected by a bluff and a coral reef, a channel communicates with a lake or lagoon capable of giving accommodation to all the

shipping commerce might attract to that quarter, if the channel be enlarged for a short distance where it traverses a sandy spit. This would not be a work of very great magnitude, from the engineering point of view, and even if it were, the minimum of obstacles existing along the whole railway route to the Transvaal from Sordwana would justify a large expenditure, to say nothing of the line passing through country outside the limits of Portuguese rule. Such a line would traverse flat country as far as the Lebomba Mountains, where it would penetrate to Swaziland by the easy Umgovuma Gorge, the ascent being of a very gradual character. From the king's kraal in Swaziland the line would follow, by easy gradients, the course of the little Usutu to the high plateau of the Transvaal. Great expectations have been formed at the Cape of this route, and politicians are anxiously watching whether the Boers, who have found out its advantages, will be allowed to appropriate it, or whether England, leaving Delagoa Bay to the Portuguese, will annex and open it up herself. Such a result would be rather a surprise for the Portuguese and might prove a simpler solution of the present difficulty than is commonly imagined to be possible. If England had a railway of her own to the Transvaal, within seventy-five miles of Delagoa Bay, the competition would be of a character that no Portuguese line could stand.

Engineering.